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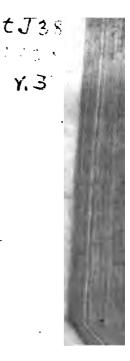
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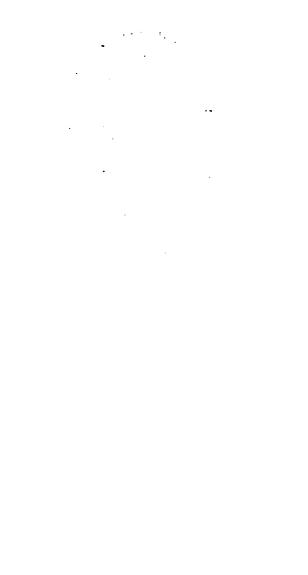
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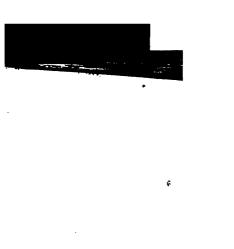
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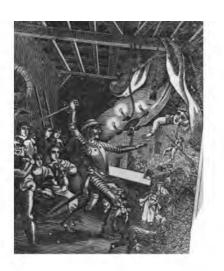








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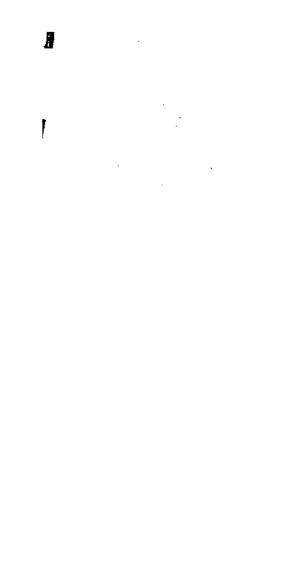


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BRETER:

J. & B. WILLIAMS.

1827





THE

LIPE AND EXPLOITS

G

DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL SPANISH

OF.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

BŢ

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

EXETER:

J. & B. WILLIAMS.

1328.



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DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA.

PART II.—BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Bon Quixote, concerning his indisposition.

CID Hamete Ben Engeli relates, in the second part of this history, and third sally of Don Quizote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should renew and bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, from whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said, they did so, and would continue so to do with all possible care and good-will; for they perceived, that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind : whereat the priest and the barber were greatly pleased, as thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him won e enchanted upon the ox-wagon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved, therefore, to visit him, and make trial of his amendment; though they reckoned it almost impossible he should be cured; and agreed between them not to touch in the least upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should endanger the ripping up a sore that was yet so tender.

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sittle on his bed, clad in a waistoos of green baize, with

abuse and condemning that, reforming one c banishing another; each of the three setting self for a new legislator, a modern Lycurgus, and span new Solon: and in such manner new-model the commonwealth, that one w hought they had clapped it into a forge, and ut quite altered from what it was before. D te delivered himself with so much good set he subjects they touched upon, that the two rs undoubtedly believed he was entirely we. is perfect senses. The niece and the hou ere present at the conversation, and seeing th r give such proofs of a sound mind, thou, uld never sufficiently thank heaven. But th anging his former purpose of not touching up rs of chivalry, was now resolved to make a t periment whether Don Quixote was perfect! ed, or not: and so, from one thing to anot ne at length to tell him some news lately m court; and, among other things, said, it out for certain, that the Turk was comin h a powerful fleet, and that it was not know design was, nor where so great a storm woul t all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it ilmost every year. -- 3



found abyes of thy folly. But the barber, who had already made the same reflection as the priest had done, asked Don Quixote what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken; for perhaps, it was such as might be put into the list of the many impertiment admonitions usually given to princes. Mine, good-man shaver, answered Don Quixote, shall not be importinent, but to the purpose. I meant no harm, replied the barber, but only that experience has shewn, that all or most of the pieces of salvice, people give his majesty, are either impracticable or abourd, or to the prejudice of the king or kingdom. True, answered Don Quixote; but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, the most just, the most feasible and expeditious, that can enter into the imagination of any projector. Signor Don Quixote, quoth the priest, you keep us too long in suspense. I have no mind, replied Don Quixote, it should be told here now, and to-morrow by day-break get to the cars of the lords of the privy council, and so somebody else should run away with the thanks and the reward of my labour. give you my word, said the barber, here and before God, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say either to king or to rook,* or to any man upon earth: an oath, which I learned from the romance of the priest, in the preface whereof he tells the king of the thief that robbed him of the hundred pistoles, and his ambling mule. I know not the history, said Don Quixote; but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man. Though he were not, said the priest, I will make it good, and engage for him, that as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit. And who will be bound for your reverence, master priest ? said Don Quixote. My profession, answered the priest, which obliges me to keep a secret. Body of me, then, said Don Quixote, is there any thing more to be done, but that his majesty cause proclamation to be made, that all the knights-errant, who are now wandering about Spain, do, on a certain day, repair to court? for should there come but half a

^{*} In allusion to the game at chess, so common the in Spain.



dozen, there may happen to be among them one, way be able alone to destroy the whole power of Turk.* Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go ak with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant sin to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, a they had all but one throat, or were made of supaste? Pray tell me, how many histories are full these wonders? How unlucky is it for me (I will say for any body else) that the famous Don Belianis some one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul not now in being! for were any one of them alive this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good fa! I would not farm his winnings. But God will prov for his people, and send somebody or other, if not strong as the former knights-errant, at least not infi



great carnestness and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from that miserable confinement in which he lived; since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses: adding, that his relations, that they might en-joy part of his estate, kept him there, and in spite of truth, would have him be mad to his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the madhouse, whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and also to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so, and the rector assured him the man was still mad; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out into such distracted flights, as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse; as he might experience by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial, and accordingly talked about an hour with the madman, who, in all that time, never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer : on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said, that the rector misrepresented him, for the sake of the presents his relations sent him, that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals: for his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since, to enjoy that, his enemies had recourse to fraud. and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God toward him in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner. that he made the rector to be suspected, his relations thought covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see, and lav his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him, which he were when he was brought in. The rector again dewied him to take care what he did, since, without a cost, the licentiate was still mad. But the preca-

tions and remonstrances of the rector availed no towards hindering the chaplain from carrying away. The rector, seeing it was by order of the bishop, obeyed. They put the licentiate on his cit which were fresh and decent. And now finding self stripped of his madman's weeds, and habitet a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain, the would, for charity's sake, permit him to take leathe madmen his companions. The chaplain sa would bear him company, and take a view of the tics confined in that house. So up stairs they and with them some other persons, who happened present. And the licentiate, approaching a ki cage, in which lay one that was outrageously though at that time he was still and quiet,

the especies to visit the station churches." You will i said the medman; we shall seen see that; farefull? has I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent an earth; that for this offence alone, which Settle is now committing, in carrying you out of this bisses, and judging you to be in your senses, I am destination to inflict such a signal punishment on this city, that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, Amen. Know you not, little crassed licentate, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am thundering Jupiter, who hold in my hands the finning bolts, with which I can, and use, to threaten and destroy the world? But in east thing only will I chestise this ignorant pumple; and that is, there shall no rain fall on this town, or in all its district, for three whole years replacing from the day and hour in which this threatening is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered, and in your right senses! and I a madman, I distempered, and in bonds! I will no more rain, than I will hang myself.

All the by-standers were very attentive to the medman's discourse: but our licentiate, turning himself to our chaplain, and holding him by both hands, said to him: Be in no pain, good sir, nor make any account of what this madman has said; for, if he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and the god of the waters, will rain as often as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion. To which the chaplain answered: However, signor Neptune, it will not be convenient at present to provoke signor Jupiter: therefore, pray, stay where you are; for, some other time, when we have a better opportunity and more leisure, we will come for you. The rector and the by-standers laughed; which put the chaplain half out of countenance. They disrobed the licentiate, whe remained where he was; and there is an end of

the stary.

This then, master barber, said Don Quixote, is the stery, which comes in here so pat, that you could not

Certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be visited, either for pardon of sine, or for procurblessings. Madmen, probably, in their lucid levers were obliged to this exercise.

set myself up for a wise man, bein aim at is, to convince the world of ring those happy times, in which ht-errantry flourished. But this deserves not to enjoy so great a bl h former ages could boast, when upon themselves the defence of ection of orphans, the relief of dan sent of the haughty, and the reward of the knights now in fashion i er in damasks, brocades, and other is ats of mail. You have now no ki the open field exposed to the rigo in complete armour from head t that, without stirring his feet out caning upon his lance, takes a short ats-errant of old times: no one no of this forest, ascends that moun traverses a barren and desert sh h is most commonly stormy and e finding on the beach a small skiff nast, or any kind of tackle, he bold ito it, exposing himself to the impl e profound sea, which now mount

England? who more affible and obliging than Tirante the White? who more gallant, than Lisuarte of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more intrepid than Rinaldo? who more invincible than Orlando? and who more courteone than Rogero? from whom, according to Turpin's Cosmography, are descended the present dukes of Ferrara? All these, and others that I could name, master priest, were knights-errant, and the light and glory of chivalry. Now these, or such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; by which means he would be sure to be well served, and would save a vast expense, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness: and so I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper. I say all this to let goodman bason see that I understand him.

In truth, Signor Don Quixote, said the barber, I meant no harm in what I said, so help me God, as my intention was good; therefore your worship ought not to take it ill. Whether I ought to take it ill or no, said Don Quixote, is best known to myself. Well, said the priest, I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple, which gnaws and disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what Signor Don Quixote has just now said. You have leave, master priest, for greater matters, answered Don Quixote, and so you may out with your scruple: for there is no pleasure in going with a scrupulous conscience. With this license then, answered the priest, my scruple, I say, is, that I can by no means persuade myself, that the multitude of knights-errant, your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world: on the contrary, I imagine, that it is all fiction, fable, and a lie, and dreams fold by men awake, or, to speak more properly, hal bloop. This is another error, answered Don Quizo

Gaul, who was tall of stature, of a fair with a well-set beard, though black; his tween mild and stern; a man of few word provoked, and soon pacified. And in like have described Amadis, I fancy I could p lineate all the knights-errant, that are fou histories in the world. For, apprehendir that they were such as their histories repr one may, by the exploits they performed, a positions, give a good philosophical guess tures, their complexions, and their state good Signor Don Quixote, quoth the bark think you, might the giant Morgante be business of giants, answered Don Quixote controverted point, whether there really such in the world or not: but the Ho which cannot deviate a tittle from trut there have been such, giving us the his huge Philistine Goliath, who was seven half high, which is a prodigious stature. the island of Sicily, there have been found and shoulder-bones so large, that their strates, that those, to whom they beld giants, and as big as large steeples, as ge



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DON QUIXOTE.

knights-errant. Of Rinaldo, answered Don Quixote, I dare boldly affirm, he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligate fellows. Of Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, (for histories give him all these names) I am of opinion, and assert, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, carroty-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a threatening aspect, sparing of speech, yet very civil and well-bred. If Orlando, replied the priest, was no finer a gentleman, than you have described him, no wonder that Madam Angelica the fair, disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness, and good humour of the downy-chinned little Moor, with whom she had an affair; and she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medoro to the roughness of Orlando. That Angelica, master priest, replied Don Quixote, was a light, gossiping, wanton hussy, and left the world as full of her impertinences, as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men, and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate or reputation, than what the affection he preserved for his friend could give him. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring, or not caring, to celebrate what befel this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over-modest, left her with these verses:

> Another bard may sing in better strain, How he Cataya's sceptre did obtain.

And, without doubt, this was a kind of prophecy; for poets are also called "vates," that is to say "diviners." And this truth is plainly seen: for, since that time, a famous Andalusian poet* has bewailed and sung her tears; and another famous and singular Castilian poet has celebrated her beauty.

Pray tell me, signor Don Quixote, quoth the barber at that instant, has no poet written a satire upon this lady Angelics, among so many who have sung he praises? I verily believe, answered Don Quixov

^{*} Luis Barahona de Soto.

IN QUIXOTE.

re Orlando had been poster to paid her off; for it is test, disdained or rejected by ach as were feigned in effer to be the sovereign Indi renge themselves by satire rece certainly unworthy a gen. I have not met with any deel addy Angelica, though she down. Strange, indeed! they heard the voice of the law, who had already quitter; e bawling aloud in the courty arries the noise.

CHAP. II.

notable quarrel between Sancho uixote's niece and housekeeper, cocurrences.

es, that the outcry which Don and the barber heard, was raised housekeeper, who were defending the Panza, who was striving to





chiefs, and bundle of rogueries! get you home and govern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands, or highlands.

The priest and the barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue between the three. But Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out same unseasonable follies, and touch upon some points not very much to his credit, called him to him, and ordered the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon his extravagances, and how intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalries. And therefore the priest said to the barber: You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight. I make no doubt of that, answered the barber; yet I do not admire so much at the madness of the knight, as at the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island, that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world cannot beat it out of his noddle. God help them, said the priest; and let us be upon the watch, and we shall see the drift of this machine of absurdities, of such a knight, and such a squire, who, one would think, were cast in the same mould; and, indeed, the madness of the master, without the follies of the man, would not be worth a far-True, quoth the barber, and I should be very glad to know what they two are now talking of. I lay my life, answered the priest, the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by and bye; for they are not of a temper to forbear listening.

In the meanwhile Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, and said to him: I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know, that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed a hundred times; and herein only have I had the advantage of rou. And reason good, answered Sancho; for, as yo worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly me, as being my servant: and for this that does, or shall affect me, must affect so on the contrary. Indeed, quoth San be so: but when I, as a limb, was tosse ket, my head stood on t'other side of the ing me frisking in the air, without feeling all; and since the members are bound tills of the head, that also in requital (like for them. Would you insinuate replied Don Quixote, that I was not greatly you tossed? If that be your me more, nor so much as think it; for I then in my mind, than you did in your But no more of this at present; for a when we may set this matter upon it

But no more of this at present; for a when we may set this matter upon it. In the meantime, tell me, friend Sanché say of me about this town? what opini mon people of me? what think the what the cavaliers? what is said of my of my exploits, and what of my courter course is there of the design I have en vive and restore to the world the long of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would me whatever you have heard concerning

about. That I will with all my heart, sir, answered Sancho, on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say, since you will have me shew you the naked truth, without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me. I will in no wise be angry, replied Don Quixote: you may speak freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution.

First and foremost then, said Sancho, the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The gentlemen say, that not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, you have taken upon you the style of Don, and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land, with a tatter behind and another before. The cavaliers say, they would not have the gentlemen set themselves in opposition to them, especially those gentlemen esquires, who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk. That, said · Don Quixote, is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my clothes never patched: a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour, than by length of time. As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking, quoth Sancho, there are very different opinions. Some say mad, but humorous; others, valiant, but unfortunate; others, courteous, but impertinent: and thus they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins. Take notice, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Few, or none, of the famous men of times past escaped being calumniated by their malicious contemporaries: Julius Casar, the most courageous, the most prudent, and most valiant captain, was noted for being ambitious, and somewhat unclean both in his apparel and his manners. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the sirname of Great, is said to have had a little smack of the drunkard. Hercules, with all. his labours, is censured for being lascivious and effeminate. Don Galaor, brother of Amadia de Gaul, we taxed with being quarrelsome; and his brother with b ing a whimperer. So that, O Sancho, amidst so my calumnies cast on the worthy, mine may very well

hither presently, who shall tell you missing a tittle : for last night arri tholomew Carrasco, who comes from manca, having taken the degree of I I went to bid him welcome home, I history of your worship is already ; der the title of the Ingenious Gent ote de la Mancha;" and he says, it my very name of Sancho Panza, a del Toboso, and several other thin tween us two only; insomuch the out of pure amazement, to think who wrote it, could come to know on it, Sancho, said Don Quixote, this our history must be some a nothing is hid from them when A sage and an enchan why, the bachelor Sampson Car name) says, the author of this hi Hamete Berengena. That is a M ed Don Quizote. It may be so, I have heard, that your Moors fo lovers of Berengenas.* Samcho, s must mistake the sirname of that s

ing his master, he went to seek the bacheler, with whom he returned soon after; and between them there passed a most pleasant conversation.

CHAP. III.

Of the pleasant conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sampson Carrasco.

Don Quixote remained over and above thoughtful, expecting the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had told him; and could not persuade himself, that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still recking on his sword-blade; and could people expect his high feats of arms should be already in print? However at last he concluded, that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art magic, had sent them to the press : if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievements of any knight-errant; if an enemy, , to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written of any squire: although (quoth he to himself) the feats of squires never were written. But if it should prove true, that such a history was really extant, since it was the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true. This thought afforded him some comfort : but he lost it again upon considering that the author was a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars, and visionaries. He was apprehensive, he might treat of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He wished he might find a faithful representation of his own constancy, and the deco-rum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, and damaels of all degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of natural desire. Tossed and perplexed with these ar a thousand other imaginations, Sancho and Carrel

threw himself upon his knees, and sa nor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let m our of kissing your grandeur's hand : fo. St. Peter, which I wear, though I hav other degrees towards holy orders bu your worship is one of the most famous that have been, or shall be, upon the rence of the earth. A blessing light Ben Engeli, who has left us the histor deeds; and blessings upon blessings tuoso, who took care to have them trans bic into our vulgar Castilian, for the uni ment of all sorts of people! Don Qu rise, and said : It seems then it is true is really extant, and that he who co Moor and a sage. So true it is, sir, sa I verily believe there are, this very d thousand books published of that I Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, w been printed; and there is a rumour printing at Antwerp; and I forsee t language will be without a translation Quixote said: One of the things whic

the highest satisfaction to a virtuous a

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very platonic, as that between your worship and my la-

dy Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.

Sancho here said: I never heard my lady Dulcinea. called Donna before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso: so that here the history is already mistaken. That objection is of no imporrance, answered Carrasco. No, certainly, replied Don Quixote: but pray tell me, Signor bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history? As to that, answered the bachelor, there are different opinions as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briarcuses and giants: others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers: these to the description of the two-armies, which afterwards fell out to be two flocks of sheep: another cries up that of the dead body, which was carrying to be interred at Segovia: one says, the setting the galley slaves at liberty was beyond them all : another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valorous Biscainer. Pray tell me, Signor bachelor, quoth Sancho, is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rosinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit? The sage, answered Sampson, has left nothing at the bottom of the ink-horn : he inserts and remarks every thing, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket. I cut no capers in the blanket, answered Sancho: in the air I own I did, and more than I desired. In my opinion, quoth Don Quixote, there is no history in the world that hath not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry; for such can never be altogether filled with prosperous events. For all that, replied the bachelor, some, who have read the history, say, they should have been better pleased, if the authors thereof had forgot some of those numberless drubbings given to Signor Don Quixote in different encounters. Therein, quoth Sancho, consists the truth of the history. They Light indeed as well have omitted them, said Don Quixote, since there is no necessity of recording those actions, which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and ex-pecially if they redound to the discredit of the best In good faith, Eneas was not altogether so pious as V gil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent na Homer

ship's shoulders, but at the same time they took rensions of my whole body; but why should I at that, since, as the self-same master of mine e members must partake of the ailments of the Sancho, you are a sly wag, answered Don Quixfaith, you want not for a memory, when you mind to have one. Though I had never so mind to forget the drubs I have received, quoth the tokens, that are still fresh on my ribs, ot let me.

your peace, Sancho, said Don Quixote, and do rrupt Signor bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, me what is farther said of me in the aforesaid And of me too, quoth Sancho; for I hear n one of the principal parsons in it. Persons, sons, friend Sancho, quoth Sampson. What it corrector of hard words! quoth Sancho; if the trade we shall never have done. Let me too, answered the bachelor, if you are no person of the history: nay, there are rather hear you talk, than the finest fell: though there are also some. who s

tle too credulous in the matter of the



all will be well, and perhaps better than you think; for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God. That is true, quoth Sampson; and, if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one. I have seen governors ere now, quoth Sancho, who, in my opinion, do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called Your Lord-ship, and are served in plate. Those are not governors of islands, replied Sampson, but of other governments more manageable; for those, who govern islands, must at least understand grammar. Gramercy for that, quoth Sancho; it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter.* But let us leave the business of governments in the hands of God, and let him dispose of me so as I may be most instrumental in his service: I say, Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am infinitely pleased, that the author of the history nas spoken of me in such a manner, that what he says of me is not at all tiresome; for upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old christian, as I am, the deaf should have heard it. That would be working miracles, answered Sampson Miracles, or no miracles, quoth Sancho, let every one take heed how they talk, or write, of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.

One of the faults people charge upon that history, said the bachelor, is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, entitled, The Curious Impertinent; not that it is bad in itself, or ill-written, but for having no relation to that place, nor any thing to do with the story of his worship Signor Don Quixote. I will lay a wager, replied Sancho, the son of a bitch has made a jumble of fish and flesh together. I aver then, said Don Quixote, that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who, at random, and without any judgment, has set himself to

^{*} Literally, "For the "grama" (grass) I could venture on it; but for the "tica," I neither out in nor take out, for I understand it not. The reader will exist see the necessity of deviating here from the original.

f In opposition to those descended from Moors or I

டிய need of a cas it intelligible. Not at all, answered for it is so plain, that there is no difficulty . dren thumb it, boys read it, men understa: old folks commend it; in short, it is so tosse conned, and so thoroughly known by all sor ple, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-h they cry, Yonder goes Rosinante. But no much addicted to reading it as your pages: th a nobleman's anti-chamber, in which you wil a Don Quixote if one lays it down, anothe up : one asks for it, another snatches it; in s history is the most pleasing and least prejuc tertainment hitherto published: for there i much as the appearance of an immodest word i a thought that is not entirely catholic. To w erwise, said Don Quixote, had not been to writ but lies; and historians, who are fond of ventihoods, should be burnt, like coiners of false For my part I cannot imagine what moved th to introduce novels, or foreign relations, my o affording matter enough: but without doubt apply the proverb, With hay or with straw,* verily, had he confined himself to the publish thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wisher

achievements alone



and he must be no simpleton that plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it; and where truth is, there God himself is, so far as truth is concerned: notwithstanding which, there are those, who compose books, and toss them out into

the world like fritters.

There are few books so bad, said the bachelor, but there is something good in them. There is no doubt of that, replied Don Quixote; but it often happens. that they, who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press. The reason of that. said Sampson, is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered; and the greater the fame of the author is, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men famous for their parts, great poets, and celebrated historians, are always envied by those, who take a pleasure, and make it their particular entertainment, to censure other men's writings, without ever having published any of their own. That is not to be wondered at, said Don Quixote; for there are many divines, who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects or superfluities of preachers. All this is very true, Signor Don Quixote, said Carrasco; but I wish such critics would be more merciful, and less nice, and not dwell so much upon the motes of that bright sun, the work they censure. For, though aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus, they ought to consider how much he was awake, to give his work as much light, and leave as little shade, as he could : and perhaps those very parts which some men do not taste, are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face that has them. And therefore I say, that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such an one, as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers. That which treats of me, said Don Quixote, has pleased but a few. On the contrary, replied the bachelor, as stultorum infinitus est numerus, so infinite is the number of those who have been delighted with that history: though some have taxed the author's memo as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us who iore, and many persons would be glad to learn who e did with them, or how he spent them; for that i ne of the most substantial points waating in th ork. Sancho answered: Master Sampson, I am no ow in a condition to tell tales, or make up accounts or I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall b pon the rack,† till I have removed it with a couple a raughts of cordial. I have it at home, and my chuck ays for me. As soon as I have dined I will com ack and satisfy your worship, and the whole work whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concern ig the loss of Dapple, and what became of the hun red crowns. So, without waiting for an answer, 0 seaking a word more, he went away to his own house on Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor ay, and do penance with him. The backelor accer i of the invitation, and staid : a couple of pige ided to the usual commons, and the conver ble fell upon the subject of chivalry. Car ed on the humour: the banquet was en



CHAP. IV.

Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions; with other incidents worthy to be known and recited.

Sancho came back to Don Quixote's house, and, reassuming the former discourse, in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when, and how the ass was stolen, he said: That very night, when, flying from the holy brotherhood, we entered into the sable mountain, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves, and of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I got into a thicket, where, he leaning up-on his lance, and I sitting upon Dapple, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had had four feather-beds under us: especially I for my part slept so fast, that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me on four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and in this manner leaving me mounted thereon, got Dapple from under me, with-out my feeling it. That is an easy matter, and no new accident, said Don Quixote: for the like happened to Sacripante at the siege of Albraca, where that famous robber Brunelo, by this self-same invention, stole his horse from between his legs. The dawn appeared, continued Sancho, and scarce had I stretched myself, when, the stakes giving way, down came I with a confounded squelch to the ground. I looked about for my ass, but saw him not: the tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation, that if the author of our history has not set it down, he may make account he has omitted an excellent thing. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gypsey, that cunning rogue and notorious malefactor, Gines de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain. The mistake does not lie in this, replied Sampson, but in the author's making Sancho still ride upon the ver same beast, before he gives us any account of his bei journies and rambles I have taken in the service of master Don Quixote: for had I returned after so a time pennyless, and without my ass, black whave been my luck. If you would know any timere of me, here am I, ready to answer the king! self in person; and nobody has any thing to meddi make, whether I brought or brought not, whete spent or spent not; for if the blows that have I given me in these sallies, were to be paid for in money, though rated only at four maravedis a-pi another hundred crowns would not pay for half of the and let every man lay his hand upon his heart, ame him not be judging white for black, nor black white; for every one is as God has made him, an tentimes a great deal worse.

I will take care, said Carrasco, to advertise the

I will take care, said Carrasco, to advertise to the took of the history, that, if he reprints the shall not forget what honest Sancho has to will make the book as good again. Is the else to be corrected in that legend, for south hon Orivate. These may be



why, as soon as ever he can find the the history he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to the press, being prompted thereto more by interest than by any motives of praise what-To which Sancho said: does the author aim at money and profit? it will be a wonder then if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste, like a taylor on Easter eve; for works that are done hastily are never finished with that perfection they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about: for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but a hundred. good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which we halt. What I can say is, that if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, as is the

practice and usage of good knights-errant.
Sancho had scarce finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rosinante reached their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and declaring his intention to the bachelor, he asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. bachelor replied, he was of opinion that he should go directly to the kingdom of Arragon, and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of St. George, in which he might require renown above all the Arragonian knights, which would be the same thing as acquiring it above all the knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. This is what I renounce, Signor Sampson, quoth Sancho; for my master makes no more of attacking a hundred armed men, than ? greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body the world! Signor bachelor, yes, there must be a the to attack, and a time to retreat! and it must not be

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ut above all things I would let my more conditi hat he shall battle it all himself, and that I shall ! e obliged to any other thing, but to look after :lothes and his diet ; to which purposes I will for and carry like any spaniel: but to imagine, that I v lay hand to my sword, though it be against racce wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be w much mistaken. Signor Sampson, do not set, up the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the. and most faithful squire that ever served a knick rant; and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration my many and good services, has a mind to bestor me some one island of the many his worship say shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him the favour; and though he should not give me born I am, and we must not rely upon one anoth upon God; and perhaps the bread I shall ethe government, may go down the more se that I should eat with it; and how do I I davil in one of these governments, me

swered Sancho; though I could tell Signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom: for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord. Look you, Sancho, quoth Sampson, honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you. That, answered Sancho, may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with those, whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with grease of the old christian: no, but consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be ungrateful to any body. God grant it, said Don Quixote, and we shall see when the government comes; for methinks I have it already in my eye.

This said, he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, that he would do him the favour to compose for him some verses, by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such a manner, that, at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor answered, though he was not of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half. * he would not fail to compose those verses; though he was sensible it would be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which they call Decimas or Redondillas, there would be three letters wanting : nevertheless he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so as that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. Let it be so by all means, said Don Quixote; for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe the They agreed upon this, thymes were made for her.

^{*} The first, Alonzo de Ercilla, author of the Araucana: the second, Juan Rufo of Cordova, author of the Asstriads; and the third, Christopher Verves of Valcia, author of the Montserrate. By the half poet, Constended intends himself.

advice of his good or ill success, as opportuned: and so they again bid each other farewell cho went to provide and put in order what war ry for the expedition.

CHAP. V.

wise and pleasant discourse, which passed be Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza.

translator of this history, coming to write thi apter, says, he takes it to be apocryphal, be it Sancho talks in another style than could be defrom his shallow understanding, and say totle things, that he reckons impossible that he know them: nevertheless, he would not omiting them, to comply with the duty of his office

went on, saying.

cho came home so gay and so merry, that he erceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch the uld not but ask him, What is the matter, frien o, you are so merry? To which he answered vife, if it were God's will, I should be very gle

bread, dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth and through thick and thin, (which he might do at a small expense, and by only willing it so) it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I said right, when I said I should be glad, if it were God's will, I were not so well pleased. Look you, Sancho, replied Teresa, ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner, there is nobody understands you. It is enough that God understands me, wife, answered Sancho; for he is the understander of all things; and so much for that: and do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms: double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tack-ling; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at "give and take" with giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear bissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings: all which would be but flowers of lavender. if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchante's Moors. I believe indeed, husband, replied Teresa, that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap. I tell you, wife, answered Sancho, that, did I not expect ere long, to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot. Not so, my dean husband, quoth Teresa: let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb; without a government have you lived hitherto; and without a government will you go, or be carried, to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government; and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people! The best sauce in the world is bunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they al ways eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sanch you should get a government, do not forget me, your children. Consider that little Sancho is just n good faith, answered Sancho, if God be so me that I get any thing like a government, e, I will match Mary Sancha so highly, that be no coming near her without calling her, lyship. Not so, Sancho, answered Teresa: the is to marry her to her equal; for if, inste ens, you put her on clogs, and, instead of the petticoat of fourteen-penny stuff, you give hingale and petticoats of silk, and, instead of ly and You, she be called My Lady such-ar Your Ladyship, the girl will not know wher nd will sall into a thousand mistakes at every overing the coarse thread of her home-spun stuff. Peace, fool, quoth Sancho; for all the is to practise two or three years, and after ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her were made for her; and, if not, what matter her be a lady, and come what will of it. Me self by your condition, Sancho, answered Te not to raise yourself higher, and remember erb, Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and into your house.* It would be a pretty bus to marry our Mary to some great count or kn when the fancy takes him, would look upen

under our eye; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grand-sons and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all: and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself. Hark you. beast, and wife for Barabbas, replied Sancho, why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one, who may bring me grand-children that may be styled Your Lordships? Look you. Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay: and it would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her: let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that now blows. This kind of language, and what Sancho says farther below, made the translator of this history say,

he takes this chapter to be apocryphal.

Do you not think, animal, continued Sancho, that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I pleased? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. No! No! continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without being increased or diminished, like a figure in the hangings. Let us have no more of this, pray; for little Sancha shall be a countess, in spite of your teeth. For all that, husband, answered Teresa, I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter's undoing. But, what you please: make her a duchess or a princess; but I can tell you, it shall never be with my good will or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the additions, laces, or garnitures of Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo; and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Pana, though indeed by good right I should be called Teres Cascajo. But the laws follow still the prince's will. I am contented with this name, without the addition



ht of Donna, to make it so heavy that I shall mole to carry it; and I would not have people, who see me decked out like any countess or governmediately say: Look! how stately madam how moves! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff frowing to night, and went to mass with the tail opeticoat over her head, instead of her veil; as y forsooth she goes with her farthingale, her eries, and with an air, as if we did not know he keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as I have; for I do not intend to expose myse this manner. Go you, brother, to your governisslanding, and puff yourself up as you please, ay girl and I, by the life of my father, we will me of us stir a step from our own town. For the



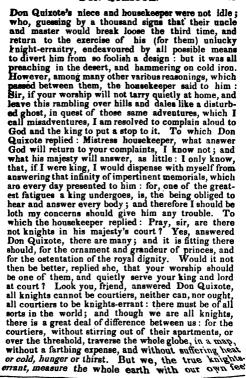
mohadas* of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why will you not consent, and desire what I do? Would you know why, husband? answered Teresa: it is because of the proverb, which says. He that covers thee, discovers thee. All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix them upon the rich; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees. Look you, Teresa, answered Sancho, and listen to what I am going to say to you; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life: and I do not now speak of my own head; for all that I intend to may are sentences of that good father, the preacher, who held forth to us last Lent in this village; who, if I remember right, said, that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear, and exist in our minds much better, and with greater force, than things past. --- All these reasonings here of Sancho are another argument to persuade the translator that this chapter is apocryphal, as exceeding the capacity

of Sancho, who went on saying:-From hence it proceeds, that, when we see any person finel, dressed, and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are, as it were, compelled to shew him respect, although the memory, in that instant, recals to our thoughts some mean circumstances, under which we have seen him; which meanness, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, no longer exists, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person, whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native meanness, proves well-behaved, liberal, and courteous to every body, and does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is. excepting the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure. I do not understand you, husband, replied Teresa: do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say—Resolved, you should

^{*} A sport on the word Almohada, which signifies to cushion, and was also the sirname of a famous race the Arabs in Africa.



e, quoth Sancho, and not revolved. Set no f to dispute with me, answered Teresa; I spea sases God, and meddle not with what does not me. I say, if you hold still in the same mind of governor, take your own son Sancho with you iceforward train him up to your art of govern for it is fitting the sons should inherit and lear ther's calling. When I have a government ancho, I will send for him by the post, and with a money, which I shall not want; for there are people enough to lend governors money, where it not; but then be sure to clothe the boy's may look, not like what he is, but what he is I nd you money, quoth Teresa, and I will equi ine as a palm-branch." We are agreed them



ter, and not by the author himself, and that it she be "importante," important, which carries on rave ridicule of the history.

man, must he she but or on twice teel a tif postitione, a cert and the chant also twice the she was the chant also twice the chant also twill be chant also twill be chant also t

upon trifles, or upon the lane whether our adversary bears a shorter or long or sword, whether he carries about him any I wears any secret coat of mail, or whether the duly divided or not; with other ceremonie same stamp, used in single combats between man, which you understand not, but I do. must know farther, that your true knight-erran he should espy ten giants, whose heads not on but over-top the clouds, and though each of th on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and like the main-masts of huge and mighty shir and each eye like a great mill-wheel, and r than the furnace of a glass-house, yet he m wise be affrighted, but, on the contrary, wi teel air, and an undaunted heart, encounter, a if possible, overcome and rout them in an i time, though they should come armed with th a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than and though, instead of swords, they should chant sabres of Damascan steel, or iron may also with steel, as I have seen more the twice. All this I have said, mistress hour shew you the difference between some ! -1 : were to be wished, that e

the presume to put in her oar, and censure the hisself knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis said, should he have heard of such a thing? But I think of it, I am sure he would have forgiven; for he was the most humble and most courteous that of his time, and the greatest favourer of dam-

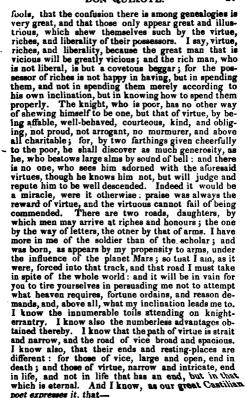
But some other might have heard you, from on you might not have come off so well: for all are courteous and good-natured; some are lewd and wil. Neither are all they, who call themselves thus, really such at bottom: for some are of gold, ers of alchymy; and yet all appear to be knights, mh all cannot abide the touch-stone of truth. Mean we there are, who break their winds in straining ppear knights; and topping knights there are, who, would think, die with desire to be thought mean The former raise themselves by their ambition, y their virtues ; the latter debase themselves by their kness or their vices: and one had need of a good ernment to distinguish between these two kinds of phts, so near in their names, and so distant in their ons. Bless me! uncle, quoth the niece, that your ship should be so knowing, that, if need were, you ht mount a pulpit, and hold forth any where in the sts, and yet should give into so blind a vagary, so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade world, that you are valiant now you are old; that are strong, when, alas! you are infirm; and that are able to make crooked things straight, though ping yourself under the weight of years; above that you are a knight, when you are really none : though gentlemen may be such, yet poor ones hard-

on are much in the right, niece, in what you say,

The sealots now and then, and the young Jesuits until, in Italy and Spain, get upon a bulk, and forth in the streets

themselves till they have arrived at a prodigi deur. Secondly, of those, who having had ginnings, have preserved, and continue to them in the same condition they were in Thirdly, of those, who, though they have I beginnings, have ended in a small point like a having gone on diminishing and decreasing co till they have come almost to nothing; like of the pyramid, which, in respect of its base tal, is next to nothing. Lastly, of those (and the most numerous) who, having had neith beginning, nor a tolerable middle, will then without a name, like the families of common nary people. Of the first sort, who, having h beginning, have rose to greatness, and still pr we have an example in the Ottoman famil from a poor shepherd its founder, is arrive height we now see it at. Of the second sort

alogies, which began great, and preserve the without augmentation, examples may be fette sundry hereditary princes, who contain the peaceably within the limits of their own divithout enlarging or contracting them. Of the began great, and have ended in a point, there sands of instances: for all the Pharaohs, and of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the may so call them of that infinite number of monarchs, and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Greeks, and Barbarians; all these families a:



turn mason, he would build a house as a bird-cage. I assure you, nice Quixote, that if these knightly thou ploy all my senses, there is nothing I any curious art, but what I could turn pecially bird-cages and tooth-picks.*

By this time there was knocking at on asking, Who is there? Sancho Pt is I. The housekeeper no sooner kn she ran to hide herself, so much she a of him. The niece let him in, and Quixote, went out and received him and they two being locked up togethe chamber, held another dialogue, not a former.

CHAP. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixot with other most famous occu

THE housekeeper no sooner saw ther master had locked themselves up

his house, and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco beheld her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said: What is the matter, mistress housekeeper? what has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth? Nothing at all, dear master Sampson, quoth she; only that my master is most certainly breaking forth. How breaking forth, madam? demanded Sampson; has he broken a hole in any part of his body? No, quoth she, he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness : I mean, Signor bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time) to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures,* though for my part, I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-wagon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted: and the poor soul was so changed, that he could not be known by the mother that bore him, feeble, wan, his eves sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a lit-tle up again, as God and the world is my witness, and my hens that will not let me lie. I can easily believe that, answered the bachelor; for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. short then, mistress housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster, only what is feared Signor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do? No sir, answered she. Be in no pain then, replied the bachelor; but go home, in God's name, and get me something warm for breakfast; and by the way, as you go, repeat the prayer of saint Apollonia, if you know it; and I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders. Dear me! replied the housekeeper, the prayer of saint Apollonia, say you? that might do something, if my master's distemper lay in his gums; but alas! it lies in his brain. I know what I say, mistress housekeeper, replied Sampson; get you home, and

[&]quot; Ventures," a play upon the word "ventures, which signifies both good luck, and also adventures, you. 111.

of knight-errantry off the hinges, is a take. And therefore, Sancho, go home wife my intention, and if she is willing a mind to stay with me upon courtesy. if not, we are as we were: for if the do not bait, it will never want pigeons: a son, that a good reversion, is better that sion, and a good demand than bad pay Sancho, to let you see, that I can let proverbe as well as you. To be short are not disposed to go along with me and run the same fortune with me, the in his keeping, and make thee a saint, I can never want a squire, who will be more diligent, and neither so selfish no you are.

1

When Sancho heard his master's the sky clouded over with him, and t heart downright flagged; for till now ed his master would not go without hi worth. While he stood thus though



cise determination of the stars, that Signor Don Quixote shall once more put in execution his glorious and uncommon designs, and I should greatly burden my conscience, did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this night no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm, and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest, by his delay, he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of or-phans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, and the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain, and are annexed to, the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; and let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow; and if any thing be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a sin gular piece of good fortune to serve you as such.

Don Quixote thereupon, turning to Sancho, said: Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough and to spare? behold, who is it that offers himself to be one, but the unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater. patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant? but heaven forbid, that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. Let our new Sampson abide in his country, and, in it doing honour, at the same time reverence the grey hairs of his ancient parents; for I will make shift with any squire whatever, since Sancho deigns not to go along with I do deign, quoth Sancho, melted into tenderness. and his eyes overflowing with tears, and proceeded: It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread is eaten, and the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world known, especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom am descended: besides, I know, and am very well sured, by many good works, and more good words. aman, and a woman a woman; and since I a every where else (I cannot deny that) I will one in my own house, vex whom it will: and there is no more to be done, but that your won orders about your will, and its codicil, in such that it cannot be rebuked, and let us set out a ately, that the soul of Signor Sampson may no who says he is obliged in conscience to persua worship to make a third sally; and I again offer to serve your worship, faithfully and loyally, a and better than all the squires that ever served k

errant, in past or present times.

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear S. Panza's style and manner of talking; for thoughad read the first part of his master's history, he believed he was so riliculous as he is therein de ed; but hearing him now talk of will and codicic could not be "rebuked," instead of "revoked." I lieved all he had read of him, and concluded he one of the most solema coxcombs of the age aid to himself, that two such fools, as maste nan were never before seen in the world "-lon Quixote and Sancho, being

nhraced each est

mented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter, all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted before hand.

In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient, and, Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening unobserved by any body but the bachelor, who would needs bear him company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rosinante, and Sancho upon his old Dapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give him advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with, him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote promised he would: Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way toward the great city of Toboso.

CHAP, VIII.

Wherein is related what befel Don Quixote, as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

PRAISED be the mighty Allah! says Hamete Ben Engeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter: praised be Allah! repeating it thrice, and saying, he gives these praises, to find that Don Quizote and Sancho had again taken the field, and that the readers of their delightful history may make account, that, from this moment, the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quizote and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, which fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which begin now upon the road to Toboso as the former began in the fields of Montiel; and this is no very unreason able request, considering what great things he prolines, and thus he goes on, saying:

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themsel

neighings of successions that his good luck was to surpass and good fis master. But whether he drew this from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it known whether he was versed in it, since t says nothing of it: only he had been heard to he stumbled or fell, that he would have bee had not gone out of doors; for by a stumble nothing was to be got but a torn shoe, or a b and, though he was a simpleton, he was not of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: Friend Sancho, to coming on apace, and with too much darks to reach Toboso by day-light; whither I at to go, before I undertake any other advent will I receive the blessing, and the good becomes Dulcinea, with which leave I am so finishing, and giving a happy conclusion perilous adventure; for nothing in this workinghts-errant with so much valour, as themselves favoured by their mistresses, answered Sancho; but I am of opinioh, it cult for your worship to come to the speed be alone with her, at least in any place where the benediction, unless she toss

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her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour. In truth, sir, answered Sancho, when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays; and the reason must be, that as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust, that flew out of it, over-cast her face like a cloud, and obscured it. What! Sancho, said Don Quixote, do you persist in saying and believing, that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off? You forget, Sancho. our poet's* verses, in which he describes the labours of those four nymphs, in their crystal mansions, when they raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which, as the ingenious poet there describes them, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my lady have been employed, when you saw her: but the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure; and therefore, in that history, said to be published of my exploits, if peradventure its author was some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true history. O envy! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! All other vices. Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them : but envy is attended with nothing but distaste. rancour, and rage. That is what I say too, replied Sancho; and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us, the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, my reputation is tossed about like a tennia-ball. Now as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of an enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and eve a little spice of the knave; but the grand o

^{*} Garcilaso.

was I born, and naked I am: I neithe and, so my name be but in print, ar world from hand to hand, I care not say of me whatever they list.

i

That, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, i happened to a famous poet of our time wrote an ill-natured satire upon the certain lady, who was not expressly n: that it was doubtful whether she was i not, complained to the poet, asking his seen in her, that he had not inserted h rest, telling him he must enlarge his : her in the supplement, or woe be to hi did as he was bid, and set her down for duennas will not name. As for the lady isfied to find herself infamously famous. kind is the story they tell of that shep! fire to, and burnt down, the famous tem reckoned one of the seven wonders of tl that his name might live in future ages . was ordered by will



of the structure, a Roman knight, who stood by his side, shewing him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast machine and memorable piece of architecture, when they were come down from the sky-light, said to the emperor : Sacred Sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me. I thank you, answered the emperor, for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, or come into my presence; and after these words he bestowed some great favour upon him. What I mean, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What, think you, cast Horatius down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? What burnt the arm and hand of Mutius? What impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulph, that opened itself in the midst of Rome? What made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages? And, in more modern examples, what bored the ships, and stranded those valiant Spaniards, conducted by the most courteous Cortez in the new world? All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were, and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as the reward and earnest of that immortality their noble deeds deserve: though we Christian and Catholic knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the ethereal and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame, acquired in this present and transitory world; for, let it last never so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the Christian religion, which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride : we must overcome envy by generosity and good nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lazcivious. ness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by got thoughts, laziness by got thoughts, laziness by got thoughts. bout all parts of the world. and seeking occasion you would say, Sancho, quoth Do it in God's name; for I will answ Pray, tell me, sir, proceeded Sanc Augusts, and all those feat-deing I that are dead, where are they n answered Don Quixote, are doc Christians, if they were good Chr purgatory, or in heaven. Very w but let us know now, whether the bodies of those great lords lie lamps burning before them, and w their chapels are adorned with sheets, old perukes, legs, and eyes these, pray, with what are they at Don Quixote answered: The sepu thens were for the most part sumpt ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposite on the top of a pyramid of stone, ness, which is now called the obelial sepulchre of the emperor Adrian w

a good village, called Moles Adriani



 DON QUIXOTE. fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind. makes the lame walk, and cures the sick; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, and whose chapels are crowded with devotees, adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater both in this world and the next, than that, which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have. I grant it, answered Don Quixote. Then, replied Sancho, the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes and legs, whereby they increased people's devotion. and spread their own Christian fame. Besides, kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders, kies bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them. What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you have been saying? quoth Don Quixote. I would infer, said Sancho, that we had better turn saints immediately, and we shall then soon attain to that renown we aim at. And pray take notice, sir, that yesterday, or t'other day, (for it so little a while ago that I may so speak) a couple of poor barefooted friars* were beatified or canonized, whose iron chains, wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves, people now reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss; and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, God bless him. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the meanest order, than the valiantest knight-errant whatever; for a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God, than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, goblins, or dragons. I confess, answered Don Quixote, all this is just as you say: but we cannot be all friars; and many and various are the ways, by which God conducts his elect to heaven. Chivalry is a kind of reli

^{*} Diego de Aleala was one of them, and has one the richest, most adorned, and most frequented chu es in Spain. The other was Salvador de Orta. minted in the reign of Philip II.

name of knights.

In these and the like discourses night, and the following day, with worth relating; whereat Don Quixo grieved. In short, next day they city of Toboso; at sight whereof Do. were much elevated, and Sancho's because he did not know Dulcinea never seen her in his life, no mor had; so that they were both equall to see her, and the other for not have Sancho knew not what to do, when send him to Toboso. In fine, Don to enter the city about night-fall; a came, they staid among some oak tre and the time appointed being come the city, where things befel them the deed.

CHAP IV



was not quite a dark one; though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mowed; which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All which the enamoured knight took for an ill omen; nevertheless he said to Sancho: Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace; for it may be we shall find her awake. To what palace? body of the sun! answered Sancho: that I saw her highness in was but a very little house. She must have been retired at that time, replied Don Quixote, to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses. Since your worship, quoth Sancho, will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open; and is it fit we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you, we are going to a bawdy-house, like your gallants, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late? First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle, replied Don Quixote, and then I will tell you what is fit to be done: and look, Sancho; for either my eyes deceive me, or that great, dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's palace. Then lead on yourself, sir, answered Sancho: perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day.

Don Quixote led the way, and, having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk, which cast the dark shade, and perceived it was a large steeple, and presently knew, that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the place: whereupon he said: We are come to the church, Sancho. I find we are, answered Sancho; and pray God we be not come to our graves: for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about church-yards at such hours, and esqually since I have already told your worship, if I member right, that this same lady's house exands it

rejejust before me, and it may er I may pop upon this same p may see devoured by dogs, for co dering as at this rate. Speak v of my lady's matters, quoth Don our holidays in peace, and not the bucket. I will curb myse. but with what patience can I be worship will needs have me know and find it at midnight, having s you cannot find it yourself, thoug it thousands of times? You w tience, Sancho, quoth Don Quix etic; have I not told you a thous er saw the peerless Dulcinea in a nor ever stepped over the threshthat I am enamoured only by hea fame of her wit and beauty? 11 Sancho; and I say, that since yo seen her, no more have I. The Don Quixote: for at least you to

that von eaw har minnowing who

had got up before day, and was going to his work; and so in truth it was. The ploughman came singing the ballad of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles.* Don Quixote, hearing it, said : Let me die, Sancho, if we shall have any good luck to-night : do you not hear what this peasant is singing? Yes, I do, answered Sancho: but what is the defeat at Roncesvalles to our purpose? he might as well have sung the ballad of Calainos; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business. By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don Quixote said to him: Good-morrow, honest friend; can you inform me where stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso? Sir, answered the young fellow, I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in this town, and serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground : in von house over the way live the parish priest and the sexton of the place : both, or either of them, can give your worship an account of this same lady princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso: though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this town, but several great ladies, that might every one be a princess in her own house. One of these then, quoth Don Quixote, must be her I am inquiring Not unlikely, answered the ploughman, and God speed you well; for the dawn begins to appear: and, pricking on his mules, he staid for no more ques-

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street: it will be better to retire out of the city, and that your worship shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts, and I will return by day-light, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady's; and I shall have ill luck if I do not find it: and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where, and how your worship is waiting for her orders and direction for you to see her without pre-

[&]quot;A doleful ditty, like our "Chevy Chace." It ber "Mala la havistes Franceses en essa Roncesvall

upon thorns till be got his master out should detect the lie of the answer he the sable mountain, pretending it came and therefore he made haste to be godid instantly: and about two miles fro found a grove or wood, in which Doshelter, while Sancho returned tack speak to Dulcinea; in which emba him things which require fresh attercredit.

CHAP. X.

Wherein is related the cunning used by chanting the lady Dulcinea, with a ridiculous as true.

THE author of this grand history, cowhat is contained in this chapter, says, to have passed it over in silence fearing lieved, because herein Don Quixoto's mall bounds, and rises to the utmost I bow-shots beyond the greatest extrement notwith-

en to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. then, son, replied Don Quixote, and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are going to seek. Happy thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget, how she receives you: whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy; whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if percuance you find her seated on the rich Estrado" of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark, whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered: lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions: for, by your relating them to me just as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers, the external actions and gestures, when their loves are the subject, are most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be your guide: and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe. I will go and return quickly, quoth Sancho: in the mean time, good sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazelnut, and consider the common saying, that a good heart breaks bad luck; and where there is no bacon, there are no pins to hang it on; and where we least think

[&]quot;The floor raised at the upper end of the rooms of state in Spain, where the ladies sit upon cushions receive visits.

on, that I pray God send me better fuck if my wishes!

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and sv Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full confused imaginations: where we will leave ! along with Sancho Panza, who departed fro ter no less confused and thoughtful than he: that he was scarcely got out of the grove, v ing about his head, and finding that Don Q not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and so self down at the foot of a tree, he began to to self, and say: Tell me now, brother Sanch is your worship going? Are you going to ass that is lost? No verily. Then what as ing to seek? Why I go to look for a thing of a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, an en together. Well, Sancho, and where thi find all this? Where? in the grand city of Very well; and pray who sent you on thi Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote cha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink t gry, and meat to the thirsty. All this is a and do you know her house, Sancho? I says it must be some royal palace or stat

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God's my life! if they smoke us, we be to us. But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides; to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should look for little Mary in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon this husiness.

This soliloguy Sancho held with himself, and the woshot was to return to it again, saying to himself: Well, there is remedy for every thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teerh, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed : and in truth I come very little behind him : nay, I am madder than he, to follow him, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb that says : Shew me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art: or in that other; Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. He then being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white, and white for black; (as appeared plainly, when he said, the windmills were giants, and the monks' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune;) it will not be very difficult to make him believe, that a country wench the first I light upon is the lady Dulcinea; and should he not believe it, I will swear to it; and if he swears, I will out-swear him; and if he persists, I will persist more than he, in such manner, that mine shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this pos-itiveness, I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him; or perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those he says bear him a spite, has changed her form to do him mischief and harm.

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he reckened his business as good as half done; and so staying
where he was till towards evening, that Don Quixote
might have room to think he had spent so much time
in going to, and returning from Toboso, every thing
fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to
mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenche

back at a round rate to seek his mi whom he found breathing a thousar ous lamentations. As soon as Doi he said : Well, friend Sancho, am with a white or a black stone? swered Sancho, had better mark they do the inscriptions on profe the more easily read by the looker Don Quixote, you should bring g answered Sancho, that your wors do, but to clap spurs to Rosinante the plain, to see the lady Dulcine with a couple of her damsels, is worship a visit. Holy God! who Sancho? said Don Quixote; tak pose on my real sorrow by a co should I get, answered Sancho, b ship, and being detected the ne sir, put on, and you will see the arrayed and adorned, in short, her damsels are one blaze of fix of pearls; all diamonds, all rub above ten hands deep: their tre

shoulders are so many sun-be



bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common. I stick to the colts, answered Sancho; for it is not very certain, that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much.

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three wenches very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road toward Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho whether they were come out of the city when he left them. Out of the city! answered Sancho: are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day? I see only three country-girls, answered Don Quixote, on three asses. Now, God keep me from the devil! answered Sancho: is it possible that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine if that be so. I tell you, friend Sancho, answered Don Quizote, that it is as certain they are he or she asses, as I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to me. Sir, quoth Sancho, say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand. And so saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from Dapple, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter, and bending both knees to the ground, he said: Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza his squire, and he is that forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of "the sorrowful figure."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her, whom Sancho called queen, and lady; and as he saw nothing in her but a plain country-girl, and homely enough (for she was round-wisaged and flat-nosed) he was confounded and amazed without during to open his lips. The wenches

of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all beautiful to deformed, without m breath, by which we might have gue hid beneath that coarse disguise : tl truth, to me she did not appear in t but rather all beauty, and that incre she had on her right lip, like a whist eight red hairs on it, like threads of span long. As to that mole, said cording to the correspondence the moles of the face and those of t should have another on the brawn c same side with that on her face: length you mention are somewhat moles. Yet I can assure your wors. cho, that there they were, and loo been born with her. I believe it, Quixote; for nature has placed no nea but what is finished and perfe had she a hundred moles, like those her they would not be moles, but n dent stars. But, tell me, Sancho, appeared to be a pannel, and which it a side-saddle, or a pillion? It w:

swered Sancho, with a field cove



goesa, which they intended to reach in time to be t at a solemn festival wont to be held every year noble city. But, before their arrival, there bem things, which for their number, greatness, and y deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.

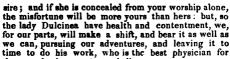
CHAP. XI.

s strange adventure, which befel the valorous. Quixote, with the wain or cart of the Parliatof Death.

QUINOTE went on his way exceeding pensive, it what a base trick the enchanters had played a transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely of a country wench; nor could be devise what

of a country wench: nor could he devise what to take to restore her to her former state. rese meditations so distracted him, that, without ving it, he let drop the bridle on Rosinante's who, finding the liberty that was given him, at step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh with which those fields abounded. it him back out of his maze, by saying to him : rrow was made, not for beasts, but men; but if ive too much way to it, they become beasts: rouse, collect yourself, and gather up Rosinante's reins; up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitknight-errant. What the devil is the matter? dejection is this? Are we here, or in France? Sase all the Dulcineas in the world, since the wela surgle knight-errant is of more worth than all chantments and transformations of the earth. . Sancho, answered Don Quixote, with no very oice; peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies t that enchanted lady, whose disgrace and miss are owing to me alone, since they proceed enfrom the envy the wicked bear to me. I say so sewered Sancho: Who saw her then and sees her his heart must melt with grief, I vow. Well on say so, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, you w her in the full lustre of her beauty; for the ntment extended not to disturb your sight, nor eal her perfections from you: against me slone over with two celestial powers. Take, therefore, those pearls from h them to her teeth: for doubtless, Sa eyes for teeth. It may be so, ansv her beauty confounded me, as muc did your worship. But let us recon who alone knows what shall befal is this evil world we have here, in whi any thing to be found without some z imposture, or knavery. One thing, me more than all the rest; which must be done when your worship at giant, or some other knight-errant present himself before the heauty of Where shall this poor giant, or m knight, be able to find her? Me sauntering up and down Toboso, like fools,* for my lady Dulcines should meet her in the middle of no more know her, than they wo hape, Sancho, answered Don Qu ment may not extend so far as

from the knowledge of the vanquants, who shall present themselve



these, and other greater maladies.

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart's crossing the road before him, loaded with the strangest and most different figures and persons imaginable. He who guided the mules, and served for carter, was a frightful dæmon. The cart was uncovered, and opened to the sky, without awning or wicker-sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes, was that of Death itself with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. On one side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death's feet sat the god called Cupid, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed, excepting only that he had no morrion, nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances. All which appearing of a sudden did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frighted Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure : and with this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the court, and with a loud menacing voice, said: Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever you are, delay not to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach wagon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat, than any cart now in fashion. To which the devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo el Malo's company: this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of you hill, a piece representing the Cortes, or Parliament of Death; and

this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the for, being a devil, I know every to of a knight-errant, answered D first espied this cart, I imagined offered itself; and I say now, the cessary, if one would be undecei upon appearances. God be with and act your play, and, if there I may be of service to you, commit readily, and with a good will, youth, a great admirer of masqueresentations.

While they were thus engages of ordered it, that there came u in an antique dress, hung roubells, and carrying at the end ox-bladders. This mesque app

of us, ask me, and I will amon ...

so ordered it, that there came u in an antique dress, hung rou bells, and carrying at the end ox-bladders. This masque app began to fence with the stick, against the ground, jumping, a which horrid apparition so s' taking the bit between his teting able to hold him in, he find a greater pace than the seemed to promise. Sancho his master was in of getting a



ir prevailed over his affection for his ass; though, evy time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall non the buttocks of his Dapple, they were to him so any tortures and terrors of death, and he could have ished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own yes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In is perplexity and tribulation he came up to Don Quixte, who was in a much worse plight than he could ave wished; and helping him to get upon Rosinante, e said to him : Sir, the devil has run away with Daple. What devil? demanded Don Quixote. He with be bladders, answered Sancho. I will recover him, splied Don Quixote, though he should hide him in the copest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me. lancho; for the cart moves but slowly, and the mules hall make satisfaction for the loss of Dapple. There s no need, answered Sancho, to make such haste : moerate your anger, sir; for the devil, I think, has aleady abandoned Dapple, and is gone his way. And o it was; for the devil, having fallen with Dapple, in mitation of Don Quixote and Rosinante, trudged on oot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his naster. Nevertheless, said Don Quixote, it will not amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil, at he expence of some of his company, though it were he emperor himself. Good your worship, quoth Sanho, never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players; for they are a people nightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for wo murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must snow, that, as they are merry folks and give pleasure, ill people favour them; every body protects, assists, and esteems them, and especially if they are of his ma-esty's company of comedians, or that of some grandee, all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princes. For all that, answered Don Quixote, that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favoured him.

And so saying, he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and calling aloud, he said: Hold, stop a little, merry sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to sount the squires of knights-errant. Don Quizole ties were so loud, that the players heard him, a

te with the bridle, and set himself to consider might attack them with the least danger to his While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing a posture of attacking that well-formed brigade. to him : It is mere madness, sir, to attempt such terprise: pray, consider, there is no fencing ag flail, nor defensive armour against stones and bats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell o Consider also, that it is rather rashness than co for one man alone to encounter an army, where is present, and where emperors fight in person, a assisted by good and bad angels. But if this con tion does not prevail with you to be quiet, be a that among all those, who stand there, though th pear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there one knight-errant. Now indeed, said Don Q you have hit the point, Sancho, which only ce must make me change my determinate resolut. neither can, or ought to draw my sword, as I b ten told you, against any who are not dubbed k To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affron ed to your Dapple; and I from hence will enc and assist you with my voice, and with salut structions. There is no need, sir, to be revens





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ing squadron returned to their cart, and pursued their way. And this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's cart; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there fell out an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP. XII.

Of the strange adventure, which befel the valorous Don Quixole, with the brave knight of the lookingglasses.

DON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night, ensuing the rencounter with Death, under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion, refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried by Dapple; and, during supper, Sancho said to his master: Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, before the three ass-colts? Verily, verily, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing. However, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the emperor's crown of gold and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have plucked them off against the grain, and put them into your possession. The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors, answered Sancho, never were of pure gold, but of tinsel, or copper. It is true, replied Don Quixote; nor would it be fit, that the decorations of a play should be real, but counterfeit, and mere shew, as comedy itself is, which I would have you value and take into favour, and consequently the actors and authors; for they are all instruments of much benefit to the common-weal, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life; and there are comparisons, which more truly present to us what ire, and what we should be, than comedy and com Tell me, have you not seen a play act VOL. 111

some play the part of emperor short, all the parts that can be i But in the conclusion, that is, death strips us of the robes, whi and we remain upon the level a A brave comparison, quoth Sai (for I have heard it many and c of the game at chess; in which, every piece has its particular game is ended, they are all hus and put into a bag, which is just we are dead. Sancho, said Don ery day growing less simple and good reason why, answered Sanc worship's discretion must needs that in themselves are barren ancultivating come to bear good fr that your worship's conversation upon the barren soil of my dry ut cultivation has been the time I h vice, and in your company; and



In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night, and Sancho had a mind to let down the portcullices of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep; and so unrigging Dapple, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rosinante's back, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled, all the time they kept the field, or did not sleep under a roof; for it was an ancient established custom, and religiously observed among knights-errant, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rosinante the same liberty he had given Dapple; the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that there is a tra-dition handed down from father to son, that the author of this faithful history compiled particular chapters upon that subject : but to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic a history, he would not insert them; though sometimes waving this precaution, he writes, that as soon as the two beasts came together. they would fall to scratching each other with their teeth, and when they were tired or satisfied, Rosinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, at least so long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. It is reported, 1 say, that the author had compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes; whence it may appear, to the admiration of all people, how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals must have been; to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence the sayings, A friend cannot find a friend; Reeds become darts; and (as the poet sings) From a friend to a friend, the bug, * &c. Let no one think, that the author was at all out of the way, when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of

^{*} The author here quotes either the beginning of some old song, or some well-known provers, the remainder of which we cannot supply, and consequently cannot complete the sense.



wancho feli asit tree, and Don Quixote slumi it was not long before he w hind him; and starting up, and to listen from whence the he perceived two men on hore mounting, said to the other : 1 dle the horses; for this place : ford them pasture enough, and itude my amorous thoughts reand laying himself along on th one instant; and, at throwing mour made a rattling noise; whence Don Quixote conclude errant : and going to Sancho, v pulled him by the arm, and havi waked him, he said to him, with Sancho, we have an adventure. one, answered Sancho; and pr ladyship madam adventure be? ed Don Quixote; turn your ey will see a knight-errant lyin thoughts, does not seem to be a him throw himself off his hors on the ground, with some signe armour rattlad -



vould have replied to his master; but the knight e wood's voice, which was neither very bad nor good, hindered him; and, while they both stood ad, they heard that what he sung was this:—

SONNET.

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill, Prescribe the law I must observe; My heart obedient to thy will, Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,
The stifled anguish seals my fate;
But if your ears would drink my woe,
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Though contraries my heart compose, Hard as the diamond's solid frame, And soft as yielding wax that flows, To thee, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for ev'ry stamp prepared; Imprint what characters you choose; The faithful tablet, soft or hard, The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

h a deep Ah! fetched, as it seemed, from the very om of his heart, the knight of the wood ended his r; and after some pause, with a mournful and comning voice, he said: O the most beautiful and most rateful woman of the world! is it then possible, ildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your ive knight to consume and pine away in continual els, and in rough and laborious toils? Is it not ugh, that I have caused you to be acknowledged most consummate beauty in the world, by all the thts of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalus, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La icha, too? Not so, quoth Don Quixote; for I am of Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such ig; neither could I, nor ought I to confess a thing prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress: now you , Sencho, how this knight raves : but let us listen haps he will make some farther declaration. ry will he, replied Sancho; for he seems to be you come to sorrow and affliction itse finding he returned so soft and civi up to him, and Sancho did the san knight laid hold of Don Quizote by Sit down here, Sir knight: for, to h such, and one of those who profess ! is sufficient to have found you in

Sit down here, Sir knight: for, to a such, and one of those who profess is sufficient to have found you in your companions are solitude and the natural beds and proper stations of k. To which Don Quixote answered and of the profession you say; and, disgraces, and misfortunes have go mind, yet, they have not chased aws I have for other men's misfortunes. sung just now I gathered, that your ous kind: I mean occasioned by the

ous kind; I mean, occasioned by that ungrateful fair you named i Whilst they were thus discoursing, gether upon the hard ground, very bly, as if, at day-break, they were another's heads. Peradventure y knight, said he of the wood to Dor adventure, I am, answered Don Q

-i-ahiafa arising from well-place



tall as his father, and it cannot be proved, that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking. In faith, quoth Sancho, I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as — and perhaps, — but let that reat; for the more you stir it —. The knight of the wood's squire took Sancho by the arm, and said: Let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other: for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning. With all my heart, quoth Sancho, and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the most talkative squires. Hereupon the two squires withdrew; between whom there passed a diague as pleasant as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP. XIII

Wherein is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood, with the wise, new, and pleasant dialogue between the two squires.

THE knights and squires were separated, the latter relating the story of their lives, and the former that of their loves: but the history begins with the cenversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters : and it says, that, being gone a little apart, the squire of the wood said to Sancho: It is a toilsome life we lead, sir, we who are squires to knights-errant; in good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents. It may also be said, added Sancho, that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more heat and cold than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, it would not be quite so bad, did we but eat at all; for good fare lessens care: but it now and then happens, that w . pass a whole day or two without breaking our fast, un-less it be upon air. All this may be endured, quoth be of the wood, with the hopes we entertain of the reward: for if the knight-errant, whom a squire serves is not over and above unlucky, he must, in a short your master is a knight in the eccle so has it in his power to bestow the on his faithful squires; but mine i though I remember some discreet p opinion with no very good design) a deavour to be an archbishop: but counsel, and would be nothing bu trembled all the while, lest he should head to be of the church, because I to hold ecclesiastical preferments; truth, sir, though I look like a man, in church matters. Truly, you a mistake, quoth he of the wood; for ernments are not all of them so in crabbed, some poor, and some unpl the best and most desirable of them heavy burden of cares and inconven unhappy wight, to whose lot it falls, undergo. It would be far better fo this cursed service, to retire home t pass our time there in more easy emp hunting or fishing: for what squire is so poor as not to have his mag, his bra

and his angle-rod, to divert himself w

village ?

t is at other people's charge. Really and truly, squire, answered he of the wood, I have resolvdetermined with myself to quit the frolics of nights-errant, and to get me home again to our , and bring up my children : for I have three, iree oriental pearls. And I have two, quoth), fit to be presented to the pope himself in perd especially a girl, that I am breeding up for a as, if it please God, in spite of her mother. And, what may be the age of the young lady you are ag up for a countess? demanded he of the wood. 1 years, or thereabouts, answered Sancho: but as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, strong as a porter. These are qualifications, of the wood, not only for a countess, but for a of the green grove. Ah the whoreson young how buxom must the jade be! To which Sanswered somewhat angrily: She is no whore, nor er mother one before her, nor shall either of e so, God willing, whilst I live. And pray speak vivilly: for such language is unbecoming a per-ucated, as you have been, among knights-errant, re courtesy itself. How little, Signor squire, do iderstand what belongs to praising, quoth he of od: what! do you not know, that when some , at a bull-feast, gives the bull a home thrust is lance, or when any one does a thing well, the on people usually cry: How cleverly the son of e did it! and what seems to carry reproach with ndeed a notable commendation! I would have nounce those sons or daughters, whose actions render their parents deserving of praise in that a. I do renounce them, answered Sancho; and sense, and by this same rule, if you mean no vise, you may call my wife and children all the s and bawds you please; for all they do or say refections worthy of such praises: and, that I sturn and see them again, I beseech God to dene from mortal sin, that is, from this dangerous sion of a squire, into which I have run a second enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred du-which I found one day in the midst of the sable ain; and the devil is continually setting before so, here and there, and overy where a box

for this reason, answered he of the wood, it is a t covetousness bursts the bag: and now you madmen, there is not a greater in the world ! master, who is one of those meant by the say her folks' burdens break the ass's back : for, other knight may recover his wits, he loses his c l is searching after that, which, when found, ince to hit him in the teeth. By the way, is h e? demanded Sancho. Yes, quoth he of the w th one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most w al dames in the world. But that is not the for its on at present: he has some other crotches re consequence in his pate, and we shall hear I them anon.* There is no road so even, replied o, but it has some stumbling places or rubs in other folks' houses they boil beans, but in : iole kettles full. Madness will have more follo an discretion. But if the common saying be at 'tis some relief to have partners in grief, I mfort myself with your worship, who serve a m crack-brained as my own. Crack-brained, but nt, answered he of the wood; and more kn an crack-brained or valiant. Mine is not so, and Sancho: I can assure you, he has nothing of



DON QUIXORS

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then and very dry, the squire of the wood, who saw, and observed it, said: Methinks we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths: but I have brought, hanging at my saddle-bow, that which will loosen them: and rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long : and this is no exaggeration: for it was of a tame rabbit, so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. Sancho. viewing it, said : And do you carry all this about with you ? Why, what did you think ? answered the other: did you take me for some holyday squire ?! I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march. Sancho fell to, without staying to be entreated, and, swallowing mouthfuls n the dark, said : Your worship is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates (which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it,) and not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard, that you may knock out a giant's brains with it, and to bear it company, four dozen of carobes, and as many hazelnuts and walnuts; thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild salads. By my faith, brother, replied he of the wood, I have no stomach for your wild pears, nor your sweet thistles, nor your mountain roots: Set our masters have them, with their opinious and laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what

† A cod, so called in La Mancha, with flat seeds in it, which, green or ripe, is harsh, but sweet and please ant after it is dried.

^{*} Literally, "a squire of water and wool." The Spaniards generally have a footman only to wait upon them to mass, especially upon grand days; who step before to the font, and sprinkle their masters or mistresses with holy water, but neither eat nor drink at their masters' houses.

mouth, store be hour : and, having done armane, on one side, and fetching a deep sigh, so son rogue! how catholic it is. You so he of the wood, hearing Sancho's whore have commended this wine in calling it.

have commended this wine in calling it confess my error, answered Sancho, at that it is no discredit to any body to be whore, when it comes under the notion But tell me, sir, by the life of him ye not this wine of Ciudad Real? You gu...ning palate, answered he of the wo other growth, and besides has some year Trust me for that, quoth Sancho: dej always hit right, and guess the kind. strange, Signor squire, that I should he natural an instinct in the business of that let me but smell to any, I hit up the kind, the flavour, and how long if many changes it will undergo, with s stances appertaining to wines? But have had in my family, by the fathe most exquisite tasters that La Manc many ages; for proof whereof, there what I am going to relate. To eac certain hogshead,



tures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheese-cakes: and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will. I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa, quoth Sancho, and then we shall all understand one another.

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much, that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues, and allay their thirst, for to quench it was impossible: and thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty bottle, with their meat half-chewed, fell fast asleep; where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the knight of the wood and him of the sorrowful figure.

CHAP. XIV.

In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood.

Among sundry discourses, which passed between Don Quixote and the knight of the wood, the history tells us, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote: In short, Sir knight, I would have you to know, that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her. not so much on account of her stature, as the excellencv of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his step-mother, in many and various perils, promising me at the end of each of them that the next should crown my hopes; but she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that they are become without number; nor can I guess which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda,* who is so stout and

^{*} A brass statue on a steeple in Serille, which serves for a weather-cock. Here, and in some other places, the jest seems a little too open; but Don Quix-ote is so serious and so intent that he can see no double intendres.

of and dreadful attempt) and to bring her a partic relation of what is locked up in that obecure abyse stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the t of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the caver Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of abvss; and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead! her commands and disdains alive. O how alive! short, she has at last commanded me to travel ove the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the knigh shall find wandering therein, to confess, that she a excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and th am the most valiant and the most completely enam ed knight in the world. In obedience to which c mand, I have already traversed the greatest part Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who I dared to contradict me. But what I am most pi of, and value myself most upon, is the having quished in single combat the so renowned knight Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea: ar make account, that, in this conquest alone, I have quished all the knights in the world; for that Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all. a having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his l



himself the best he could, in order to make me the lie with his own mouth; and therefore ery calmly: Sir knight, that you may have d most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, whole world, I will not dispute; but that conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I doubt; it might indeed be somebody resemthough there are very few such. Why not? of the wood; by the canopy of heaven I h Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made t; by the same token that he is tall of statisaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grislewk-nosed, with large black mustachies: he elf the name of "the knight of the sorrow-" his squire is a country fellow, called Sana: he oppresses the back, and governs the famous steed called Rosinante: in a word, the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcines. o, sometimes called Aldonza Lorenzo; in er as mine, who, because her name was Cal being of Andalusia, is now distinguished by of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens licient to prove the truth of what I say, here d, which shall make incredulity itself be-Be not in a passion, Sir knight, said Don ind hear what I have to say. You are to this Don Quixote, you speak of, is the dear. I have in the world, insomuch that I may s it were my very self; and by the tokens you have given of him, so exact and so prenot but think it must be he himself that you ied. On the other side, I see with my eyes ith my hands, that it cannot be the same, e, that, having many enchanters his eneespecially, who is continually persecuting one or other of them may have assumed his suffered himself to be vanquished, in order him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry red, over the face of the whole earth. And, nation hereof, you must know, that these his enemies, but two days ago, transformed and person of the beautiful Dulcines del o those of a dirty, mean, country weach; manner they must have transformed Dor

un for no pawn: he, who could once vanquieu] ignor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well a make you yield in your own proper person. But nights-errant should by no means do their feats rms in the dark, like robbers and ruffiass, let us v or day-light, that the sun may be witness of our sloits: and the condition of our combat shall be, he conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and social of the conqueror, to do with him whatever pleases, provided always, that he command not but what a knight may with honour submit to. entirely satisfied with this condition and compact swered Don Quixotes and hereupon they went to for their squires, whom they found enoring in the same posture in which sleep had seized them. awaked them, and ordered them to get ready steeds; for, at sun-rise, they were to engage bloody and unparalled single combat. At which Sancho was thunderstruck, and ready to swoo dread of his master's safety, from what he had the squire of the wood tell of his master's valuer. the two squires, without speaking a word went to their cattle, and found them altogether; for the morses and Dapple had already smelled one ar

and pass among the ruffians and fighters you f; but among the squires of knights-errant, no, hought: at least I have not heard my master any such custom, and he has all the laws and ces of knight-errantry by heart. But taking it ited, that there is an express statute for the engaging while their masters are at it, yet will mply with it, but rather pay the penalty imoon such peaceable squires; which I dare say be above a couple of pounds of white wax, and ther pay them; for I know they will cost me n the money I shall spend in tents to get my red, which I already reckon as cut and divided Besides, another thing which makes it imfor me to fight, is, my having no sword : for I ore one in my life. I know a remedy for that, of the wood; I have here a couple of linen bags me size; you shall take one and I the other. will have a bout at bag blows with equal With all my heart, answered Sancho; for . attle will rather dust our jackets than wound ons. It must not be quite so neither, replied r; for, lest the wind should blow them aside, put in them half a dozen clean and smooth of equal weight; and thus we may brush one without much harm or damage. Body of my answered Sancho, what sable fur, what botcarded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we break our noddles, nor beat our bones to powt though they should be filled with balls of , be it known to you, sir, I shall not fight; let ers fight, and hear of it in another world, and ink and live; for time takes care to take away , without our seeking new appetites to destroy efore they reach their appointed term and seadrop with ripeness. For all that, replied he rood, we must fight, if it be but for half an to, no, answered Sancho, I shall not be so disis, nor so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at never so little, with a gentleman, after having

e small offences are fined, in Spain, at a pound f white wax for the tapers in churches, &c., secons pretty frequently enjoin it as a penance III.

otner not a whit behind it : I will take a ge and before you reach me to awaken my cl bastinado yours so sound asleep, that it awake more but in another world, where known I am not a man to let any body handl and let every one take heed to the arrow; safest way would be for each man to let sleep; for nobody knows what is in another people go out for wool, and come home st selves; and God in all times blessed the pea and cursed the peace-breakers; for if a cat and pent in a room, and hard put to it turns God knows what I that am a man may turn therefore from henceforward I intimate to ship, signor squire, that all the damage and that shall result from our quarrel, must be your account. It is well, replied he of the w send us day-light, and we shall see what wil

And now a thousand sorts of enamelled bit to chirp in the trees, and in variety of jos seemed to give the good-morrow, and salute ting Aurora, who began now to discover the ther face through the gates and baconies of shaking from her looks are



is said to have been of an excessive size, havited in the middle, and full of warts and carbuncles, of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two fingers breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, so disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself, to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to

encounter that hobgoblin.

Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, and found he had his helmet on, and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face : but he observed him to be a strong made man, and not very tall. Over his armour he wore a kind of surtout, or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with sundry little moons of resplendent looking-glass, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow, and white feathers waved about his helmet. His lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very large and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed, and noted every thing, judging by all he saw and remarked, that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength: but be was not, therefore, daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the knight of the looking-glasses : Sir knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure. Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir knight, answered he of the looking-glasses, there will be time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I do not now comply with your desire, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lift-ing up my beaver would take up, before I make you confess what you know I pretend to. However, while we are getting on horseback, said Don Quixote, you may easily tell me whether I am that Don Quixote you said you had vanquished. To this I answer, quoth he of the looking-glasses, that you are as like that very knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another. Or since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, i de tress, and my arm avail me, I will be you shall see I am not that vanquished Don you imagine.

Then cutting short the discourse, they mou Don Quixote wheeled Rosinante about, to much ground as was convenient for encount opponent; and he of the looking-glasses did but Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces, heard himself called by the kinght of the glasses: so meeting each other half way, looking-glasses said: Take notice, Sir knight condition of our combat is, that the conquisaid before, shall remain at the discretion of queror. I know it, answered Don Quixote that what is commanded and imposed on the ed shall not exceed, nor derogate from, tl chivalry. So it is to be understood, answthe looking-glasses. At this juncture t'strange nose presented itself to Don Quix who was no less surprised at it than Sanche that he looked upon him to be some monst strange man, such as are not common ; world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth career, would not stay alone with long-no with that snout acr



fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him. In truth, said Don Quixote, it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself; and therefore

come, and I will help you up.

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, he of the looking-glasses took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rosinante; and at his best speed. which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy; but seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career; for which his horse was most thankful, being not able to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rosinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like running; for at all others a downright trot was all; and with this unspeakable fury he soon came up where he of the looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place, where he made a full stand in his career. In this good time, and at this juncture, Don Quixote found his adversary embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance; for either he did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety, and without the least danger, attacked him of the lookingglasses with such force, that, in spite of him, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper; and such was his fall, that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who, alighting from Rosinante, was got upon him of the looking-glasses, and unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw ---- but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder, and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very as Sancho said to Don Quixote: I am of opini right or wrong, your worship should thrus down the throat of him, who seems so like t Sampson Carrasco: perhaps in him you ma one of those enchanters your enemies, say amiss, quoth Don Quixote; for the few mies are, the better: and drawing his sv Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of t glasses drew near, without the nose that look so frightful, and cried aloud: Have a Don Quixote, what you do; for he who l feet, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, y and I am his squire. Sancho, seeing him v former ugliness, said to him: And the which he answered: I have it here in my putting in his hand he pulled out a paste painted and varnished, of the fashion we h described: and Sancho, eyeing him more with a loud voice of admiration, said : Ble defend me! Is not this Tom Cecial, my ne gossip? Indeed am I, answered the unna Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to San and I will inform you presently what condu wiles brought me hither: in the mean tir

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ing and ill-advised bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, our

countryman. By this time he of the looking-glasses was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said: You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess, that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty vour Casildea de Vandalia;* and farther you must promise, if you escape from this conflict, and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself, before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit, and, if she leaves you at your own disposal, then you shall return, and find me out (for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide, and conduct you to my presence) to tell me what passes between her and you; these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry. I confess, said the fallen knight, that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean, locks of Casildea; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours. and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me. You must likewise confess and believe, added Don Quixote, that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him; as I do confess and believe, that you, though in appearance, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness, to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest. I confess, judge of, and allow every thing as you believe, judge of, and allow, answered the disjointed knight: Suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me screly bruised. Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did his squire Tom

^{*}So, in Amadis de Gaul, (b. 6, ch. 59,) Birmartes, having unhorsed the duke of Calabria, holding his scimitar over him, as if he would cut off his head, says aloud to him, "Knight, confess that your mistress on thing in beauty to the princess Ononia, else your mistress of the princess of the pr

son Carrasco, Just and Carrasco, Lucas aw with his eyes. In short, master and man ed under this mistake; and he of the looking with his squire, much out of humour, and in il parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look convenient place, where he might sear-cloth and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sanc tinued their journey to Saragossa, where the leaves them, to give an account who the knight looking-glasses and his nosy-squire were.

CHAP. XV.

Giving an account, who the knight of the glasses and his squire were.

EXCEPINGLY content, elated, and vain-glo Don Quixote, at having gained the victory ov iant a knight, as he imagined him of the look es to be; from whose knightly word he hoped whether the enchantment of his mistress c the said knight being under a necessity of upon pain of not being one, to give him an a what should pass between her and him.

ble to detain him, and that Sampson should also sally forth like a knight-errant, and encounter him in fight (for an opportunity could not be long wanting,) and so vanquish him, which would be an easy matter to do; and that it should be covenanted and agreed, that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the bachelor knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it in two years, or till he had received further orders from him : all which, it was plain. Don Quixote, when once overcome, would readily comply with, not to contravene or infringe the laws of chivalry : and it might so fall out, that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady. Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's gossip and neighbour, a pleas-ant-humoured, shallow-brained fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself as you have heard, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face, that he might not be known by his gossip when they met; and so they took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. But in short, they lighted on them in the wood, where befel them all that the prudent has been reading. And had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion, that the bachelor was not the bachelor, signor bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests, where he thought to find

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor: For certain, Signor Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise: be gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose? To which Sampson answered: The difference between these two sorts of madman, is, that he, who cannot help being mad, with

ways be so; and he, who plays the fool on purpose, ly give over when he thinks fit. If it be so, quoth om Cecial, I was mad when I had a mind to be your orship's squire, and now I have a mind to be so no nger, and to get me home to my house. It is fit you ould, answered Sampson; but to think that I will rern to mine, till I have soundly banged this same Don uixote, is to be greatly mistaken; and it is not now e desire of curing him of his madness that prompts e to seek him, but a desire of being revenged on him; r the pain of ribs will not let me entertain more aritable considerations. Thus they two went on scoursing, till they came to a village, where they ckily met with a bone-setter, who cured the unfortu-Tom Cecial went back and left him, ite Sampson. id he staid behind meditating revenge; and the histospeaks of him again in due time, not omitting to reice at present with Don Quixote.



DON QUIXOTE. Sancho said to him : Is it not strange, sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and unmeasurable nose of my gossip Tom Cecial? And do you really believe, Sarcho, said Don Quixote, that the knight of the looking-glasses was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial your gossip? I know not what to say to that, answered Sancho; I only know, that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children, could be given me by nobody else but himself; and his face, when the nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it very often in our village, next door to my house; and the tone of the voice was also the very same. Come on, replied Don Quixote; let us reason a little upon this business. How can any one imagine, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them? What then shall we say, sir, answered Sancho, to that knight's being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial my gossip? And, if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble? The whole is artifice, answered Don Quixote, and a trick of the wicked magicians, who persecute me; who, foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, contrived that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, and moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. For proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair; since, not two days ago, you beheld with your own eyes the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country weach, with cataracts on her eyes, and a bad smell i



nouth: and if the perverse enchanter durst icked a transformation, no wonder if he hike as to Sampson Carrasco and your gossip is snatch the glory of the victory out of my ertheless I comfort myself; for, in short, be what shape soever, I have got the better of ... God knows the truth, answered Sancho knowing that the transformation of Dulcin is own plot and device, was not satisfied wer's chimerical notions, but would make no he should let fall some word that might di

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hile they were thus discoursing, there over a man upon a very fine flea-bitten mare, atout of fine green cloth, faced with murry-country the state of the state o



ed to be about fifty years of age, had but few grey hairs, his visage aquiline, his aspect between merry and serious; in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he in green thought of Don Quixote, was, that he had never seen such a figure of a man before: he admired at the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment; the whole such an odd figure, as had not been seen in that country for

many years past.

Don Quixote took good notice how the traveller surveyed him, and, reading his desire in his surprise, and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing every body, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him, saying: This figure of mine, which your worship sees, being so new, and so much out of the way of what is generally in fashion, I do not wonder if you are surprised at it: but you will cease to be so, when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those knights, whom people call "seekers of adventures." I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my case and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long-deceased chivalry; and, for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place, and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans; the natural and proper office of knights-errant. And thus by many valorous and christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all, or most of the nations of the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand thousands more if heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in few words, or in one only, know I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called "the knight of the sorrowful figure:" and though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations; but this is to be understood, when nobody else is present to do it for me. So that, worthy sir, neither this horse, this lance this shield, nor this squire, nor all this armour together or the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lanks

rause, ne said : Sir knig sire by my surprise; bu wonder raised in me at s you say, that my knowing moved it, yet it has not de that I know it, I am in gre than before. knights-errant now in th What! histories printed of real chi thought there was any boo lieved widows, succoured (men, or protected orphans, ed it, had I not seen it in eyes. Blessed be heaven! i worship says is in print, o achievements, must have car berless fables of fictitious k the world was filled, so much morals, and the prejudice and There is a great deal to Quixote, upon this subject, w knights-errant are fictitious or one, answered he in green, tha that those histories are not fal Quixote: but no ma-



to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Mirando. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends: my diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish. some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion; those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors, than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising, though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends; and sometimes I invite them: my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I inquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day: I share my substance with the poor, naking no parade with my good works, nor harbouring n my breast hypocrisy and vain-glory, those enemies, which so slily get possession of the best guarded hearts. endeavour to make peace between those that are at ariance. I devote myself particularly to our blessed dy, and always trust in the infinite mercy of God our ord.

Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the atleman's life and conversation; all which appeared him to be good and hoy: and, thinking that one of h a character must needs work miracles, he flung uself off his Dapple, and running hastily, laid hold of right stirrup; and, with a devout heart, and almost ping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. In the gentleman perceiving, said: What mean brother? What kisses are these? Pray, let me on, answered Sancho; for your worship is the first on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my I am no saint, answered the gentleman, but a sinner: you, brother, must needs be very good it simplicity demonstrates. Sancho went off, and ain upon his pannel, having forced a smale from offound gravity of his master, and caused fresh tion in Don Diego.

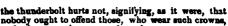
2 sizote then asked him, how many children he

would have him. He is eighteen y has been at Salamanca, learning the languages, and, when I was desirous other sciences, I found him so over ! poetry (if that may be called a science no prevailing with him to look into the what I would have had him studied; the queen of all sciences. I was de be the crown and honour of his famil in an age, in which our kings high! and virtuous literature; for letters wi pearls in a dunghill. He passes whole ing, whether Homer expressed himse verse of the Iliad: whether Martial in be obscene or not; whether such a ver be understood this or that way. In conversation is with the books of the and with those of Horace, Persius, J bullus. As to the modern Spanish at no great account of them; though, not antipathy he seems to have to Spai thoughts are at this very time entirely making a gloss upon four verses, sent

manca, which, I think, were designed

ing merely for bread, the student being so happy as to have it by inheritance. I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science, to which his genius is most inclined. And though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, it is not one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, good sir, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful. whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish, and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give a lustre to them all. But this same virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue. that he who knows how to manage her, will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He, who possesses her, should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in obscene satires, or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wisc be venal; though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies. She must not be meddled with by bufloons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or eateeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone: all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought, and must, be taken into the number. He therefore who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and his name be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this; the great Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in with their mothers' milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues, to express the sublimity of their conceptions. And, this being so, it is fit this custom should take place in all nations; and the German poet should not be disesteemed for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscainer, for writing is VOL. 111.

et comes forth a poet from use worker. with this talent given him by heaven, and ther study or art, composes things whic saying, "Est Deus in nobis," &c. Not natural poet, who improves himself by a much better poet, and have the advantage has no other title to it but the knowledge alone: and the reason is, because art cr nature, but only perfect it; so that art mi: ture, and nature with art, form a comple conclude my discourse, good sir, let you the direction of his stars : for, being so go as he must needs be, and having already he cd the first round of the ladder of the scie the languages, with the help of these, he self ascend to the top of human learning. less an honour and an ornament to a ge a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the law. If your son writes satires in reputation of others, chide him, and tee ances: but if he pens discourses in th Horace, reprehending vice in general, elegantly does, commend him, because a poet to write against envy, and to bra --- and so of other vices, bu



and whose temples are so adorned.

The gentleman in green admired much at Don Quixote's discourse, insemuch that he began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. But in the mudst of the conversation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, was gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were hard by milking some ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, coming the same road they were going, and believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho, to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and in all haste, pricking his Dapple, came where his master was, whom there befel a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

CHAP. XVII.

Wherein is set forth the last and highest point, at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.

THE history relates, that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them: and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet, and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord, who said to him:

Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that, which I descry yonder, to now that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arm that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arm the in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his every way as far as he could, and discovered now every way as far as he could, and discovered now small flags, by which he conjectured, that the se

from what quarter, nor at what tin shape, they will encounter me : and t demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, to take out the curds, was forced to g was. Don Quixote took it, and, with was in it, clapped it hastily upon his h curds were squeezed and pressed, th run down the face and beard of Don Q he was so startled, that he said to Sai this mean, Sancho? methinks my sk or my brains melting, or I sweat from and if I do really sweat, in truth it is 1 though I verily believe, I am like to adventure of this. If you have any withal, give it me; for the copious sw my eyes. Sancho said nothing, and g and with it thanks to God that his found out the truth. Don Quixote wi took off his helmet, to see what it w cooled his head; and, seeing some wi he put them to his nose, and smelling



like it; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach, than into your honour's helmet. It may be so, quest Don Quixote. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard,

and helmet, clapping it on, and fixing himself firm in his stirraps, then trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said: Now come what will; for here I am, prepared to encounter Satan himself in

person.*

By this time the car with the flags was come up, and mobody with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself just before them, and said : to ye, brethren f what car is this f and what have you in it f and what bassers are those f To which the carter enewered: The car is mine, and in it are two fierce liess, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty: the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his. are the lions large? demanded Don Quixote. large, seplied the man upon the fore-part of the car, that larger never came from Africa into Spain: I am their keeper, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these : they are a male and a female; the male is in the first cage, and the female in that behind: at present they are hungry, not having caten to-day, and therefore, sir, get out of the way; for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them. At which Don Quixote, smiling a little, mid: To me your lion-whelps! your lion-whelps to me! and at this time of day! By the living God, those who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend, and since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn out those nets; for in the midst of this field will I make them. know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the eachanters that sent them to me. Very well, quath the seatleman to himself, our good knight has given us

Don Quizote here seems to imitate the bravery Don Reigel of Greece, who, in the presence of an ill trions company, resolves to attack two terrible and ilons,—Assesse de Grand, b. 13, ch. 49.

saucno, but daring. I will make the gentleman; and going to Don hastening the keeper to open the knights-errant should undertake promise good success: and not suc perate; for the valour, which bord the confines of rashness, has in it than furtitude : besides, these lions sail your worship, nor do they so muc such thing: they are going to be prijesty; and it is not proper to detail their journey. Sweet sir, answered hence, and mind your decoy partridge ferret, and leave every one to his own is mine, and I will know whether thes come against me, or no. And, turnir he said: I vow to God, Don rascal, it stantly open the cages, with this land to the car. The carter, seeing the r armed apparition, said : Good sir, for pleased to let me take off my mules, a out of danger, hefore the lions are let my cattle be killed, I am undone for a

life, having no other livelihood but "

mules. O-

open; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt. Again the gentleman pressed Don Quixote to desist from duing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God, to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied, that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. Nay, sir, replied Don Quixote, if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your Flea-bitten, and save yourself. Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison whereof that of the windmills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers, in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheese-cakes. Consider, sir quoth Sancho, that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it; for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion; and I guess by it, that the lion, to whom such a claw belongs, is bigger than a mountain. However it be, answered Don Quixote, fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here, you know our old agreement : repair to Dulcinea-I say no more. To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design. He in green would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points: who hastening the keeper, and reiterating his menaces, the gentleman took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to Dapple, and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions: he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour when it came into his head to serve him again: but for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his Dapple, to get far enough from the car. The keeper seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quizote, who senwered that he heard him, and that he should trouble hims

a no more arguments nor entreaties, for all ify nothing, and that he must make haste. Thilst the keeper delayed opening the first Quixote considered with himself, whether it est to fight on foot or on horseback : at last nined to fight on foot, lest Rosinante should b dat sight of the lions.* Thereupon he leaper horse, flong aside his lance, braced on his s drew his sword; and marching slowly, with ous intrepidity, and an undaunted heart, he pl self before the car, devoutly commending hi to God, and then to his mistress Dulcines. ere it is to be noted, that the author of this listory, coming to this passage falls into exc s, and cries out, O stren ous, and beyond a sion courageous, Don Quixote de la Mancha; or, wherein all the valiant ones of the world old themselves, thou second and new Don M eon, who was the glory and honour of the Se

round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes of fire-coals; a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car, and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces : to such a pitch of extravagance had his unheard-of madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, and shewed his posteriors to Don Quixote, and with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage; which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows, and provoke him to come forth. That I will not do, answered the keeper; for, should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, signor cavalier, with what is done, which is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not; and since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shewn : no brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe, and expect him in the field; and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest. That is true, answered Don Quixote: shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known, how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right and truth and true chivalry : and so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth.

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping or

knew that it was Don Quixote, wh and, abating some part of their fear, by degrees, till they came where the hear the words of Don Quizote, wi them. In short, they came back to Don Quixote said to the carter: P again, brother, and continue your joi cho, give two gold crowns to him as make them amends for my having That I will, with all my heart, answe what is become of the lions? Are tl Then the keeper very minutely, and es, related the success of the confi the best he could, or knew how, t Quixote, at sight of whom the abashe or durst not, stir out of the cage, the open the door a good while; and upor to the knight, that it was tempting the lion, and to make him come ou would have had him done, whether and wholly against his will, he had door to be shut. What think you quoth Don Quixote: can any ench against true courage? With ease m

denrive me of mood fortune . hat of .

· had a mind, or whenever it served their turn. he car went on its way, and Don Quizote, San-, and he in the green surtout pursued their journey. Il this time Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken ord, being all attention to observe and remark the one and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sible madman, and a madman bordering upon good e. The first part of his history had not yet come is knowledge; for, had he read that, his wonder at Quixote's words and actions would have ceased. nowing the nature of his madness: but, as he yet w nothing of it, he sometimes thought him in his ses, and sometimes out of them; because what he se was coherent, elegant, and well said, and what lid was extravagant, rash, and foolish : for, said he simself, what greater madness can there be, than to on a helmet, full of curds, and persuade one's self t enchanters have melted one's skull; and what ater rashness and extravagance, than to resolve to t with lions?

Ion Quixote diverted these imaginations, and this loquy, by saying: Doubtless, Signor Don Diego de anda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an exragant madman; and no wonder it should be so: my actions indicate no less. But, for all that, I ald have you know, that I am not so mad, nor so llow, as I may have appeared to be. A fine appeare makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, ncing over the lists, at some joyful tournament, in at of the ladies. A fine appearance makes the ght, when, in the midst of a large square, before the s of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull. And a appearance make those knights, who, in military reises, or the like, entertain, enliven, and, if we y so say, do honour to their prince's court. But, we all these, a much finer appearance makes the sht-errant, who through deserts and solitudes. ough cross-ways, through woods, and over mounas, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion r to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A knig' nt, I say, makes a finer appearance in the so ouring some widow in a desert place, the recourtier in addressing some dames in

ments; and -. cent, and above all a good consecution. ner will he precisely comply with the obliga duty. But let the knight-errant search tl corners of the world; enter the most intr rinths; at every step assail impossibilities; uncultivated deserts brave the burning r summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of t frost: let not lions daunt him, sceptres a or dragons terrify him: for in seeking the tering those, and conquering them all, o principal and true employment. It being to be one of the number of knights-errant, ! cline undertaking whatever I imagine to c the verge of my profession; and, therefore ing the lious, as I just now did, belonged t ly, though I knew it to be a most extravage I very well know, that fortitude is a virte tween the two vitious extremes of coward ness; but it is better the valiant should ri pitch of temerity, than sink to the low po ice; for as it is easier for the prodigal t eral, than for the covetous, so it is much rash to hit upon being truly valiant, that and to rise to true valour; and as to u --- ma. Signor Don Die



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the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego, answered Don Quixote: and spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the village, and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called The knight of the green riding-coat.

DE LA MANCI

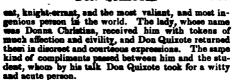
PART II.-BOOK

CHAP. I.

4 15

Of what befel Don Quizote in the c the knight of the green riding-co travagant matters.

DON QUINOTE found, that Bon : spacious, after the country fashion, he the family carved in rough stone ove the buttery in the court-yard, the porch, and several earthen wine-jars about it; which being of the ware of the memory of his enchant : and me cinea; and without considering what whom, he sighed, and cried: O swenow to my sorrow; sweet and iove



Here the author sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a gentleman that was both a farmer and rich. But the translator of the history thought fit to pass over in silence these, and such like nuitute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold

and insipid digressions.*

Don Quirote was led into a hall: Sancho unarmed him; he remained in his wide Walloon breeches, and in a shamois deablet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour: his band was of the college-cut, without starch and without lace: his bushins were date-colour ed, and his shoes waxed. He girt on his trusty sword which hung at a belt made of a sea-wolf's skin: foi it is thought he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins.† Over these he had a long cloak of good grey cloth. But, first of all, with five or six kettles of water (fôr there is some difference as to the number) he washed his head and face; and still the water continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Bancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the nasty curds, that had made his master so white and clean. With the aforesaid accourtements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quiaote walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him till the cloth was laid; for the lady Donna Christian would shew, upon the arrival of so noble a

A satire on the tedious prolixity of many authors, especially romance writers, who frequently digress from the principal subject, to entertain the reader with descriptions of palaces, which they give with all the minute exactness of architects, rather than as historiess.

t An old woman's remedy for that ailment.

monner and me in great suspe answer you, son, replied Dor you, that I have seen him act man in the world, and then his words contradict and unc you to him, and feel the puls and, since you have discerr his discretion, or distraction, a to say the truth, I rather to otherwise.

Hereupon Don Lorenzo a Quixote, as has been said; an which passed between them, I Lorenzo: Signor Don Diego a sir, has given me some accoust and refined judgment, and pagreat poet. A poet, perhaps, Lorenzo; but a great one, not is, I am somewhat fond of pagood poets: but in no wise as father is pleased to bestow up this modesty, answered Don usually very arrogant, each thiest in the world. There is no tion, answered Don Lorenzo:



bestowed according to merit; so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But, for all that, the name of the first makes a great figure. Hitherto, said Don Lorenzo to himself, I cannot judge thee to be mad: let us proceed: so he said to him: Your worship, I presume, has frequented the schools: what sciences have you studied? That of knight-errantry, answered Don Quixote, which is as good as your poetry, yea, and two little fingers' breadth beyond it. I know not what science that is, replied Don Lorenzo, and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge. It is a science, replied Don-Quixote, which includes in it all, or most of the other sciences of the world. For, he who professes it, must be a lawyer, and know the law of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give every one what is his own, and that which is proper for him. He must be a divine, to be able to give a reason for the christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples, which have the virtue of curing wounds; for your knight-crrant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, to know by the stars what it is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must know the mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them: and, setting aside that, he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues. I descend to some other minute particulars. I say then, he must know how to swim, like him called Fish Nichelas, or Nicholao.* He must know how to shoe a horse, and to keep the saddle and bridle in repair : and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate. He must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works. valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly, a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost him his life to defend it. Of all these great

^{*} Alluding to a fabulous story in the Theatre of the

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" " PC BO: WIRMGLGO mean, sir, quoth Don Lorenz whether there ever have been, knights-errant, and adorned w have often said, answered Do repeat, that the greatest part of ion, there never were any knigh I am of opinion, that, if heave raculous manner convince the there have been, and are such n taken will be all in vain, as I h perience, I will not now lose tin of an error so prevalent with m is, to beg of heaven to undeceiv how useful and necessary knight past, and how beneficial they we were they again in fashion : but of the people, sloth, idleness, triumph. Our guest has broke renzo to himself; but still he is madman, and I should be a weak lieve so.

Here their discourse ended; for supper. Don Diego asked his soi out fair of the genius of his guest

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses designed for the prize. To which he answered: That I may not be like those poets, who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and, when not asked, spew them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy. A friend of mine, a very ingenlous person, answered Don Quixote, was of opinion, that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses : and the reason, he said, was because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the author. Besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, nor "said he's" nor "shall I say's," nor making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions, which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know. Truly, Signor Don Quixote, quoth Don Lorenzo, I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin, and cannot; for you slip through my fingers like an eel. I do not understand, answered Don Quixote, what you mean by my slipping through your fingers. I will let you know another time, replied Don Lorenso: at present give attention to the text and gloss which are as follows:—

THE TEXT.

Could I the joyous moments past Recal, and say, what was now is, Or to succeeding moments haste, And now enjoy the future bliss.

THE GLOSS.

As all things fleet and die away,
And day at length is lost in night,
My blessings would no longer stay,
But took their everlasting flight.
O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,
To supplicate thy deity:
Inconstant goddess, frown no more;
Make me but happy now at last;
No more I'd curse thy fickle power.
Could I recal the moments past.

How should I hug the ch: And joyful say, what w Thy empty wish, fond wre Nor ask so vain, so wile Revolving Time no mort: Can stop, or stay his fle Nimble as thought, he rui The present hour for ever In vain we ask futurity; In vain we would recal We cannot from the pres Nor to succeeding mon Vex'd with alternate hop-I feel variety of pain: But death can ease a wre And surely death to me Again my erring judgmer From sober reason's juste Convinced by her unerrit Another life must tollo I make the present woes Rather than forfeit fut

1 : : ;

When Don Lorenzo had mad



the threshold of their doors. Be pleased, sir, to repeat some other of your verses, in the greater kinds of poetry: for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius. Is it not excellent, that Don Lorenzo should be delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O force of flattery, how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET.

The nymph, who Pyramus with love inspired, Pierces the wall, with equal passion fired: Cupich from distant Cyprus thither flies, And views the secret breach with laughing eyes. Here silence vocal mutual vows conveys, And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays. Though chained by fear their voices dare not pass, Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace. Ah woful story of disastrous love!

One death, one grave unites the faithful pair, And in one common fame their mem'ries share.

Now God be thanked, quoth Don Quixote, having heard Don Lorenzo's sonnet, that, among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute in all respects, as the artifice of your worship's sonnet shews you to be.

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house; at the end whereof he begged leave to be gone, telling him, he thanked him for the favour and kind entertainment he had received in his family: but, because it did not look well for knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, he would go, in compliance with the duty of his function, in quest of adventures, wherewith he was informed those parts abounded; designing to employ the time thereshouts, till the day of the justs at Saragousse, which he resolved to be present: but in the first Piece intended to visit the cave of Montesinos, of we

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DON QUIXOTE.

people related so many and such wonder over that country; at the same time inque source and true springs of the seven lake called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Dieg applauded his honourable resolution, defurnish himself with whatever he pleas for he was Leartily welcome to it, his wand his noble profession obliging them to a offer.

At length the day of his departure car to Don Quixote, as sad and unhappy for S who liked the plenty of Don Diego's howell, and was loth to return to the hung ests and wildernesses, and to the penury vided wallets. However, he filled and with what he thought most necessary: at ote, at taking leave of Don Lorenzo, said



chatinacy, with which he was bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rosinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

CHAP. II.

Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents.

DON QUINOTE was got but a little way from Don Diego's village, when he overtook two persons like ecclesiastics or scholars, and two country fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in green buckram like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pair of thread-stockings; the other carried nothing but a pair of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things, which shewed that they came from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the scholars and countrymen fell into the same admiration, that all others did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, after learning that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company, desiring them to slacken their pace, for their asses out-went his horse : and, to prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and his employment and profession, that of a knight-errant, going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He told them, his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative "the knight of the lions." All this to the countrymen . was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull : nevertheless they looked upon him with at miration and respect, and one of them said: If y' worship. Sir knight, be not determined to one partic oad, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures.





near the village, where the bride liv by way of pre-eminence, Quiteri bridegroom Camacho the rich; she teen, and he of two and twenty, bot though some nice folks, who have the world in their heads, pretend Quiteria the fair has the advantage now-a-days that is little regarded; to solder up abundance of flaws. Camacho is generous, and has take make a kind of arbour to cover over-head, in such manner, that th put to some difficulty to visit the which the ground is covered. rice-dances, both with swords and li are some people in his village, who them extremely well. I say nothin cers and caperers,* so great is the invited. But nothing of all that I omitted, is like to make this wedd: as what. I believe, the slighted Bas





common talk of the village. When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius e usual access to his family; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he proposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camecho, not choosing to match her with Besilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune, as of nature: for, if the truth is to be told without eavy, he is the most active youth we know; a great pitcher of the bar; an extreme good wreatler, and a great player at cricket; runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at nine pins as if he did it by witchcraft; sings like a lark, and touches a guitar that he makes it speak; and, above all, he handles the small-sword like the most accomplished fencer. For this excellence alone, quoth Don Quixote immediately, this youth deserves to marry, not only the fair Quiteria, but queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot, and all opposers. To my wife with that, quoth Sancho Panza (who had been hitherto silent and listening) who will have every body marry their equal, according to the proverb, Every sheep to its like. What I would have, is, that Every sheep to its like. this honest Basilius (for I begin to take a liking to him) shall marry this same lady Quiteria; and heaven send them good luck, and God's blessing (he meant the reverse) on those who would hinder people that love each other, from marrying. If all, who love each other, were to be married, said Don Quixote, it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are, who would choose their father's servant, and others some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion, genteel, and well made, though he were a beaten bully; for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life; and that of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and there is need of great caution, and the particular favour of heaven, to make it hit right. A person, who has a mind to take a long journey, if he be wise, before he sets forwards, will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. And should not he do the like, who undertakes a journey for life, especial



court say much more upon th vented by the desire I have the licentiate has any thing the history of Basilius. To v lor, or licentiate, as Don Qu ed: Of the whole I have n from the moment Basilius her be married to Camacho the : seen to smile, nor speak co pensive and sad, and talking clear indications of his being sleeps but little; and what h when he sleeps, if he does slee on the hard ground, like a bru time he throws his eyes up to on the ground, with such stup to be nothing but a statue clo put in motion by the air. In s cations of an impassioned hear granted, that to-morrow Quifatal Yes will be the sentence

Heaven will ander it to

per appear to be gold, poverty to be riches, and specks in the eyes pearls. A curse light on you, Sancho, what would you be at? quoth Don Quixote: when you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can wait for you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheel, or of any thing else? O! replied Sancho, if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense: but no matter for that; I understand myself; neither have I said many foolish things: only your worship is always cricketising my words and actions. Criticising, I suppose you would say, quoth Don Quixote, and not cricketising, thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound. Pray, sir, be not so sharp upon me, answered Sancho; for you know I was not bred at court, nor have studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to, or take a letter from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect, that the Sayagues" should speak like the Toledans; nay, there are Toledans, who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely. It is true, quoth the licentiate; for how should they speak so well, who are bred in the tan-yards and Zocodover, as they who are all day walking up and down the cloysters of the great church? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majals honda; I say discerning, because a great many there are, who are not so, and discernment is the grammar of good language, accompanied with custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms. If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing those unlucky foils you carry, than your tongue, said the other scholar, you might by this time have been at the head of your class; whereas you are now at the tail.

Look you, bachelor, answered the licentiate, you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touch

^{*} The people about Zamora, the poorest in Spain of Some unpolite part of the city of Toledo, like Billingsgate or Wapping.



ceived. Alight, and make use of your circles, your angles, and sc make you see the stars at noon-c and rustic dexterity; in which I t the man is yet unborn, who sha back, and that there is nobody in will not oblige to give ground. As or not, I meddle not with it, replic it may happen, that in the first spo your grave may be opened; I mea left dead there for despising the ne fence. We shall see that present chuelo; and jumping hastily from h ed one of the foils, which the licen his ass. It must not be so, cried Do instant; for I will be master of this judge of this long-controverted quest from Rosinante, and grasping his himself in the midst of the road, just with a graceful motion of the body, a was making toward Corchuelo, w darting, as the phrase is, fire from hi countrymen, without dismounting, se of the mortal tragedy. The finel strokes hank --- 1

and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force, that one of the country fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, said, and swore, it was thrown near three quarters of a league: which affidavit, has served, and still serves, to shew and demonstrate, that skill goes farther than strength. Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho going to him, said : In faith, master bachelor, if you would take my advice, henceforward you should challenge nob dy to fence, but to wrestle, or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that: for I have beard say of these masters, that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle. I am satisfied, answered Corchuelo, and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed : and getting up, he went and embraced the licentiate. and they were now better friends than before. So, being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way, that thay might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, and so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body was convinced of the usefulness of the science. and Corchuelo entirely brought over from his obstinacy.

It was just night-fall: but before they arrived, they all thought they saw between them and the village, a kind of heaven full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambourines, psalters, cymbals, and little drums, with bells; and drawing near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, made on one side of the entrance into the town, all hung with lights, which were not disturbed by the wind; for all was so calm, that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir the very leaves of the trees. The life and joy of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments aforesaid. In short, it looked if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled throughts.



invited him: but he pleaded his opinion, that it was the to sleep in the fields and fore though under gilded roofs: a little out of the way, sorely a had not forgotten the good lot the castle or house of Don Die

CHAP.

Giving an account of the werich, with the adventure of

SCARCE had the fair Aurora room, with the heat of his warn quid pearls upon his golden has abaking off sloth from his drown his feet, and called to his squire still lay snoring; which Don (fore he would awake him, he sai all that live on the face of the eving, nor being envied, sleepest soul; neither do enchanters perments affright these

do him kindnesses. The pain of seeing the obdurate heaven made, as it were, of brass, and refusing convenient dews to refresh the earth, afflicts not the servant, but the master, who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him, who served him in times of fertility and abundance. To all this Sancho answered not a word; for he was asleep, nor had awaked so soon as he did, but that Don Quixote jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. At last he waked drowsy and yawning; and turning his face on all sides, he said: From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of boiled rashers of bacon, than of thyme or rushes: by my faith, weddings, that begin thus savourily, must needs be liberal and abundant.

Have done, glutton, quoth Don Quixote, and let us go and see this wedding, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius. Marry, let what will become of him, answered Sancho: he cannot be poor and marry Quiteria: a pleasant fancy, for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for truffles at the bottom of the sea. I dare wager an arm, that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot : and if it be so, as it must needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride indeed, to reject the fine clothes and jewels, that Camacho has given, and can give her. to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar, and a feint at foils, of Basilius:" one cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil: abilities and graces that are not vendible, let the Count Dirlos have them for me: but when they light on a man that has where-withal, may my life shew as well as they do. On a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money. For the love of God, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, have done with your harangue : I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin,

^{*} Before the savoury smell had debauched Sancho's judgment, his passion was strong for Basilius; but a lover of his guts will be partial for a meal's meat. Observe how he vilifies poor Basilius.

authority, and hitherto I think I have no capitulation. I do not remember any such cho, answered Don Quixote: and thoug it is my pleasure you hold your peace along; for by this time the musical ins heard last night begin again to cheer the doubtless the espousals will be celebrate of the morning, and not put off till the he Sancho did as his master commanded h dling Rosinante, and pannelling Dappl mounted, and marching softly, entered shade. The first thing that presented i cho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted elm. The fire it was roasted by was c middling mountain of wood, and round i six pots, not cast in common moulds; f half jars, each containing a whole shar and entire sheep were sunk and swallows as commodiously as if they were only so The hares ready cased, and the fowls re that hung about upon the branches, in or ed in the cauldrons, were without num was the wild fowl and venison hanging a that the air might cool them. Sancho

threescore skins, each of above twent

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various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the and, but by the hundred, and stood free for every ly in a great chest. In short, the preparation for wedding was all rustic, but in such plenty, that it a sufficient to have feasted an army. Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love th every thing. The first that captivated and subduhis inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which would have been glad to have filled a moderate pip-Then the wine-skins drew his affection; and, ally, the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous uldrons may be so called. And, not being able to bear any longer, and having no power to do otherse, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with nrteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a ncheon of bread in one of the pots: to which the ok answered: This is none of those days, over which inger presides, thanks to rich Camacho: alight, and s if you can find a ladle any where, and skim out a wl or two, and much good may they do you. I see me, answered Sancho. Siay, quoth the cook, God rgive me, what a nice and good for nothing fellow not you be! And so saying, he laid hold of a kettle, d, sowsing it into one of the half jars, he fished out ree pullets and a couple of geese, and said to San-o: Eat, friend, and make a breakfast of this scum, to ay your stomach till dinner-time. I have nothing to it it in, answered Sancho. Then take ladle and all. 10th the cook; for the riches and felicity of Camacho

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote ood observing, how, at one side of the spacious arour, entered a dozen countrymen upon as many beauful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and eir furniture hung round with little bells. They were ad in holyday apparel, and in a regular troop ran sun-y careers about the meadow, with a joyful moorish cry Long live Camacho and Quitena, he is rich as the lair, and she the fairest of the world. Which Don fair, and she the fairest of the world. Which Don sixote hearing, said to himself: It is plain these peohave not seen my Dulcines del Toboso; for, had y seen her, they would have been a little more upon reserve in praising this Quiteris of theirs. vhile after there entered, at divers parts of the VOL. III.

oly every thing.



presently he twined himself in an companions, with so many turns, that though Don Quixote was accubind of dances, he never liked at There was another, which pleased dozen most beautiful damsels, so them appeared to be under fourte eighteen years old, all clad in gretheir locks partly plaited, and part yellow, that they might rival thos with garlands of jessamine, roses, their heads. They were led up by and an ancient matren, but more ne could be expected from their years. morat was their music; and they, their looks and eyes, and lightness i ed themselves the best dancers in t

After these, there entered an ar posed of eight nymphs, divided in god CUPID led one file, and INTER former adorned with wings, bow, c



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rton of the second; TREASURE of the third; and a of the fourth PRACKARES-POSEESION. Before mail came a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad by and bemp dyed green, so to the life, that they alst frighted Sancho. On the front, and on all the raides of the machine, was written, "The castle of erve." Four skilful musicians played on the tabor l pipe. Cupid began the dance, and, after two wements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow inst a damsel that stood between the battlements of castle, whom he addressed after this manner:—

LOVE.

I am the mighty God of Love; Air, earth, and seas my power obey: O'er hell beneath and heaven above, I reign with universal sway.

I give, resume, forbid, command:

My will is nature's general law:

No force arrests my powerful hand,

Nor fears my daring courage awe.

He finished his stanza, let fly an arrow to the top of scastle, and retired to his post. Then Interest step-d forth, and made two other movements: the tabors seed, and he said:

INTEREST.

Though love's my motive and my end,
I boast a greater power than love;
Who makes not interest his friend,
In nothing will successful prove.
By all ador'd, by all pursu'd;

Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,

At the esponsals of the princes at Constantinople, entertain the court, there appears a moving castle, e outside built of procious stones, &c. On the frieza written, "The glory of faithful lovers, and the purtory of unfaithful." A Cuaid site enthroned within crown the constant with roses and the inconstant is settles.—Anadis de Goul, book 13, chap. Manufacture of the constant of Goul, book 13, chap. Manufacture of the constant of the constant

POETRY

My name is Poetry my soul,
Wrapp'd up in verse, to thee I send:
Let gentle lays thy will control,
And be for once the Muse's friend.

If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry
Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,
Envied by all, advanced by me,
Shall reach the circle of the moon,

Poetry went off, and from the side of Interest s forth Liberality, and, after making her move said:—

LIBERALITY.

Me Liberality men calls
In me the happy golden mean,
Not spendthrift-like to squander all
Nor niggardly to save, is seen.
But, for thy honour, I begin,





a large purse of Roman cat-skin, which seemed to be fall of money; and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjointed, and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, and without any defance at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they seemed to take her prisoner, and led her away captive; which Love and his adherents perceiving, they made a show as if they would rescue her; and all their seeming efforts were adjusted to the sound of the tabors. They were parted by the savages, who with great agility rejoined the boards, and reinstated the castle, and the damsel was again inclosed therein as before and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, who it was that had contrived and ordered the show. She an-

swered, A beneficed clergyman of that village, who had a notable head-piece for such kind of inventions. will lay a wager, quoth Don Quixote, that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than to Basilius, and understands satire better than vespers; for he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the abilities of Basilius with the riches of Camacho. Sancho Panza, who listened to all this, said : The king is my cock; I hold with Camacho. In short, quoth Don Quixote, it is plain you are an errant bumpkin, and one of those who cry, Long live the conqueror! I know not who I am one of, answered Sancho: but I know very well. I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots, as I have from Camacho's. Here he shewed the cauldron full of geese and hens; and laying hold of one, he began to eat with notable good-humour and appetite, and said: A fig for Basilius's abilities! for you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, "the Have's and the Havenot's," and she stuck

to the former; and now-a-days, master Don Quizole, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Havo than of Know. An ass with golden furniture makes a be'er figure than a horse with a pack-saddle so that ell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundum of whose pots are geese and hens, haves ar

cold clay; and then perhaps I may be so do may not speak a word till the end of the w least till doomsday. Though it should fall swered Don Quixote, your silence, O Sanche er rise to the pitch of your talk, past, pres come : besides, according to the course of must die before you, and therefore never ca dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping

must die before you, and therefore never ca dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping the most I can say.

In good faith, sir, answered Sancho, t trusting to madam Skeleton, I mean Deatt vours lambs as well as sheep: and I have vicar say, she treads with equal foot on the le of kings, and the humble cottages of the posame gentlewoman is more powerful than ni not at all squeamish; she eats of every thin hold of all; and stuffs her wallets with persorts, of all ages, and pre-eminences. She reaper that sleeps away the noon-day hea cuts down and mows, at all hours, the dry the green grass: nor does she stand to cheve yours and swallows down all that comes in for she has a canine appetite that is never and, though she has no belly, she makes it a

abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things. A good liver is the best preacher, answered Sancho, and that is all the divinity I know. Or need know, quoth Don Quixote: but I can in no wise understand, nor comprehend, how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you who are more afraid of a lizard than of him, should be so knowing. Good, your worship, judge of your own chivalries, answered Sancho, and meddle not with judging of other men's fears or valours; for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours: and pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle tafk, of which we must give an account in the next world. And so saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite, that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of immediately telling.

CHAP. IV.

In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discourses mentioned in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outery and noise, raised and occasioned by those that rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming, surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish-priest and the kindred on both sides, and by all the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holy-day apparel. And when Sancho espied the bride, he said: In good faith, she is not clad like a country girl, but like any court lady: by the mass, the breast-piece* she wears seems to me at this distance to be of rich coral; and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenca, is no less the

[&]quot;Patena." A plate, or medal, with an image graved on it, worn on the breast, by way of orner

thirty-piled velvet : besides the trimming, I vow, is 'satin. Then do but observe her hands : instead of ngs of jet, let me never thrive, but they are of gold, y, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white s a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's ead. Ah whoreson jade! and what fine hair she has! it is not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all y life. Then her sprightliness and mien : why, she a very moving palm-tree, loaden with branches of ites; for just so look the trinkets hanging at her bair, ad about her neck. By my soul, the girl is so well ated over, she might pass current at any bank in landers.* Don Quisote smiled at the rustic praises estowed by Sancho Panza, and thought that, setting ide his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never en a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria oked a little pale, occasioned, perhaps, by want of est the preceding night, which brides always employ setting themselves off, and dressing for their weding-day following.

teria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he uttered these expressions: You well know, forgetful Quiteria, that, by the rules of that holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another man whilst I am living : neither are you ignorant, that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine; whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate; and that his good-luck may be seaped brim-full (not that I think he deserves it, but that heaven will have it so, I with my own hands will remove all impossibility or inconvenience by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria; many and happy ages may they live, and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune, and laid him in his grave. And so saying, he laid hold on his truncheen, which was stuck in the ground, and drawing out a short tuck that was concealed in it, and to which it served as a scabbard, and setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determinate purpose, he threw himself upon it; and in an instant half the bloody point appeared at his back, the poor wretch lying along upon the ground, weltering in his blood, and pierced through with his own weapon.

His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster; and Don Quixote, quitting Rosinante, ran also to assist, and took him in his arms, and found he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the tuck: but the priest, who was by, was of opinion, it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession; for their pulling it out, and his expiring, would happen at the same moment. But Basilius, coming a little to himself, with a faint and doleful voice, said: If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fittal agonv, you would give me your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned since it procured me the blessing of being your which the priest hearing, advised him to mind the vation of his soul, rather than the gratifying his

... a roud voice, that ry just and reasonable thing, an be done; and that it would be & ble for signor Camacho to take the brave Basilius, as if he rec ther's hands; all that was necess 'Yes,' which could have no cth the pronouncing the word, since these espousals must be the gra all this, and was in suspense and c ing what to do or say; but so im cries of Basilius's friends, desiring l Quiteria might give her hand to be his soul should be lost by departir despair, that they moved and forced Quiteria thought fit to give it him, since it was only delaying for a m plishment of his wishes. Presently to Quiteria, and some with entre tears, and others with persuasive re her to give her hand to poor Basilit than marble, and more immoveable ther could nor would return any priest bid her resolve immediately his soul between his tach wait for i--

making me yours, nor to suspend the pain, which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. What I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, that the hand you require and give, be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh; but that you would confess and acknowledge, that you bestow it without any force laid upon your will, and give it me as to your lawful husband : for it is not reasonable, that, in this extremity, you should impose upon me, or deal falsely with him, who has dealt so faithfully and sincerely with you. At these words he was seized with such a fainting-fit, that all the by-standers thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, said : No force would be sufficient to bias my will; and therefore, with all the freedom I have, I give you my hand to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution does not disturb or hinder it. Yes, I give it you, answered Basilius, neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; and so I give and engage myself to be your husband. And I to be your wife, answered Quiteria, whether you live many years or are carried from my arms to the For one so much wounded, quoth Sancho Panza at this period, this young man talks a great deal: advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the ousiness of his soul; though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue, than between his teeth.

Basilius and Quiteria being thus with hands joined, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the new-married man's soul: who as soon as he had received the benediction, suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the tuck, which was sheathed in his body. All the by-standers were in admiration, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud, A miracle, a miracle! But Basilius replied, no miracle, no miracle, but a stratagem, a stratagem! The priest, astonished and confounded, van

^{*} Alluding to the phrase made use of before to have ten Quiteria.



hearing it said, that the ma was not valid, she said, she whence every body concluc certed with the knowledge at which Camacho and his : ed, that they transferred th and, unsheathing abundance Basilius, in whose behalf as drawn. Don Quixote leadi with his lance upon his arm shield, made them all give w pleasure in such kind of fray of which he had gotten his place seeming to him to be revered. Don Quixote cried for it is not fit to take reven; by love: and pray consider actly alike; and as, in war, i to employ cunning and strata so, in amorous conflicts and to not in practice tricks

But Quiteria's disdain took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her out of his memory; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of his faction remained pacified and calmed: in token whereof they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria, than the cunning of Basilius Camacho reasoned within himself, that, if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her. Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too; and the rich Camacho, to shew he did not resent the trick put upon him, nor value it at all, would have the diversion and entertainments go on, as if he had been rea' married : but neither Easilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers, would partake of them; and so they went home to Basilius's house: for the wor man, who is virtuous and discreet, has those that sllow, honour, and stand by him, as well as the rich as his attendants and flatterers. They took Don nixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of orth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was cloudy d overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and rtake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festiwhich lasted till night; and thus drooping and sad followed his matter, who went off with Basilius's p, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt, which ever he carried in his mind, the skimmings of the le. now almost consumed and spent, representing im the glory and abundance of the good he had and so, anxious and pensive, though not hungry. without alighting from Dapple, he followed the of Rosinante.



THE new-married co Don Quixote, being obli shewed in defending the his discretion in equal de ing him a Cid* in arms, Three days honest Sanch pense of the bride and br known, that the feigned trick concerted with the I of Basilius's own, hoping i fell out. True it is, he c his friends into the secret, design, and support his deit could not, nor ought to at virtuous ends, and that the most excellent of all that hunger and continual enemies to love; for love i especially when the lover the person beloved, to wi are opposed and declared

Beauty of itself alone, attracts the inclinations hat behold it, and the royal eagles and other ig birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, sieged by kites and vultures, and other birds of and she who stands firm against so many attacks, all be called the crown of her husband. Observe, t Basilius, added Don Quixote, that it was the of a certain sage, that there was but one good in all the world; and he gave it as his advice, ery man should think, and believe she was fallen ot, and so he would live contented. I for my part married, nor have I yet ever thought of being t would I venture to give my advice to any one, wife to his mind. In the first place, I would him to lay a greater stress upon charity than ;; for a good woman does not acquire a good nerely by being good, but by appearing to be so; slic freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's repumuch more than secret wantonness. ı woman honest to your house, it is an easy matkeep her so, and even to make her better, and e her very goodness: but if you bring her naughwill have much ado to mend her; for it is not easible to pass from one extreme to another. I say, it is impossible; but I take it to be exy difficult.

this Sancho listened to, and said to himself:
master of mine, when I speak things pithy and
ntial, used to say, I might take a pulpit in my
and go about the world preaching fine things;
say of him, that, when he begins stringing of
cees, and giving advice, he may not only take a
in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll
your market-place, crying out, Mouth, what
you have? The devil take thee for a knight-erhat knows every thing! I believed in my heart,
e only knew what belonged to his chivalives:
pecks at every thing, and thrusts his spoon into
dish. Sancho muttered this so loud, that his
overhearing it, said to him: Sancho, what is:
'Sancho: I was only saying to myself, the

us I would have her. You a said Don Quixote, to speak il mother of your children. We debt upon that score, answere as ill of me, whenever the far when she is jealous; for ther

bear with her. Finally, three days they staid couple, where they were serve in person. Don Quixote desir to furnish him with a guide, to of Montesinos; for he had a m into it, and see with his own o ders related of it in all those ; student told him, he would proce a famous scholar, and much add of chivalry, who would very gla mouth of the cave itself, and al of Ruydera, famous all over La over Spain ; telling him, he wou ing companion, being a young m write books for the press, and c ces. In short, the cousin came

big with foal, whose pack-sadd doubled nine



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ing seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and cyphers; from whence the cavalier courtiers might pick and choose to their minds, for feasts and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, or beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design: for, said he, I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent, so properly, that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call, "The Metamorphoses, or Spanish Ovid," of a new and rare invention; for therein, imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I shew, who the Giralda of Seville was, and who the angel of La Magdalena; what the conduit of Vecinguerra of Cordova; what the bulls of Guisando; the sable mountain; the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies in Madrid, not forgetting the Piojo, that of the golden pipe, and that of the Priora; and all these, with their several allegories, metaphors, and transformations, in such a manner as to delight, surprise, and instruct at the same time. I have another book, which I call a "Supplement to Polydore Virgil," treating of the invention of things; a work of vast erudition and study, because therein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in a fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who was the first that was fluxed for the French disease; these points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of above five and twenty authors for them: so that your worship may see whether I have taken true pains, and whether such a performance is not likely to be very useful to the whole world.

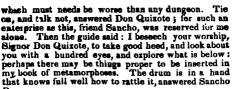
Sancho, who had been attentive to the student's discourse, said: Tell me, sir, so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you resolve me (for I know you can, since you know every thing) who was the first that scratched his head? I for my part am of opinion, it must be our first father Adam. Certainly, answered the scholar; for there is no doubt but Adam had a head and hair, and this being granted, and he being the first man of the world, he must needs have scratched his head one time or another. So the lieve, asswered Sancho: but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world? Truly, brother, es

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was cast or thrown headlong fumbling down to the lowest right, friend, quoth the scholar. This question and answer are you have heard them from so more, sir, replied Sancho; for, i questioning and answering, I slawen this and to-morrow morr tions and ridiculous answers, I any of my neighbours. Sanch you have said more than you a there are, who tire themselves and explaining things, which, and explained, signify not a farth

In these, and other pleasant a that day, and at night they lodg from whence, the scholar told were but two leagues to the carthat, if he continued his resolution would be necessary to provide hi and let himself down into its said, if it reached to the abyse, I stopped; and so they honeth near

ing or the memory.



Panza.

This being said, and the tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) finished, Don Quixote said: We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell, to be tied to me with this rope; by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive: but since that is now impossible, be the hand of God my guide. And immediately he kneeled down, and in a low voice, put up a prayer to heaven for assistance, and good success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure : then of a sudden, in a load voice, he said: O mistress of my actions and motions, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee, for thy unheard-of beauty's sake, hearken to them; for all I beg of thee is, not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to precipitate, to ingulph, and sink myself in the profound abyss here before me, only to let the world know, that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish. And, so saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw he could not be let down, nor get at the entrance of the cave, but by mere force, and cutting his way through: and so, laying his hand to his sword, be began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and by shes at the mouth of the cave; at which noise and rustling, an infinite number of huge ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground; and had he been as superstitious, as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborns shutting himself up in such a place. At length be got upon his legs, and seeing no more revens flying out nor other night-birds, such as bats, (some of which goest, Hector of the world, heart of s brass! Once more, God guide thee, an safe and sound, without deceit, to world, which thou art forsaking, to this obscurity. The scholar úttered prayers and intercession.

Don Quixote went down, calling fo rope, which they gave him by little when the voice, by the windings of theard no longer, and the hundred fat.

when the voice, by the windings of the heard no longer, and the hundred fat was all let down, they were of opin Quixote up again, since they could grope. However, they delayed about he then they began to gather up the rope very easily, and without any weight at a they conjectured, that Don Quixote cave; and Sancho, believing as much and drew up in a great hurry, to know coming to a little above eighty fath weight, at which they rejoiced exceedi at about the tenth fathom, they discern very distinctly; to whom Sancho cal Welcome back to us, dear sir; for we you had staid there to breed. But D

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like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unfortunate Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! And ye unlucky daughters of Ruydera, whose waters shew what floods of tears streemed from your fair eyes. The scholar and Sancho listened to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke, as if with immense pain he fetched them from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what it was he had been saying, and to tell them what he had seen in that hell below. Hell do you call it? said Don Quixote: call it so no more: for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see. He desired, they would give him something to eat; for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass; they addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social wise, they collationed and supped all under one. The carpet being removed, Don Quix-ote de la Mancha said: Let no one arise, and, sons, be attentive to me.

CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful things which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which make this adventure pass for apocryphal.

It was about four of the clock in the afternoon, when the sun, hid among the clouds, with a faint light and temperate rays, gave D'n Quixote an opportunity, without extraordinary heat or trouble, of relating to his two illustrious hearers, what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he began in the following manner:—

About twelve or fourteen fathom in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, there is a hollow, and space wide enough to contain a large wagon, mules and all: a little light makes its way into it, through some cracks and holes at a distance in the surface of the earth. This hollow and open space I saw, just as I egan to be weary, and out of humour to find myself per

to descend to the bottom, havi my weight. And being thus t fusion, on a sudden, without as a deep sleep fell upon me; and of it, I awaked, and found n what means, in the midst of 1 and most delightful meadow, ate, or the most pregnant fan my eyes, wiped them, and perc but really awake : but for all my head and breast, to be ass myself, who was there, or so: feit illusion: but feeling sens: discourse I made to myself, co then there the same person I ately a royal and splendid pa itself to my view; the walls a seemed to be built of clear a from out of which, through doors, that opened of their o forth, and advance towards me clad in a long mourning clea trailed upon the ground. (breast he wore a kind of co

deep cave, commonly called the cave of Monncioses and conceals; an exploit reserved for neible heart and supendous courage. Come th me, illustrious sir, that I may shew you the contained in this transparent castle, of which der and perpetual guard; for I am Montesinos from whom this cave derives its name. Scarce lid me he was Montesinos, when I saked him, it was true, which was reported in the world at with a little dagger he had taken out the his great friend Durandarte, and carried it to Belerma, as he had desired him at the point

He replied, all was true, excepting as to the for it was neither a dagger, nor little, but a

miard sharper than an awl.

poniard, interrupted Saucho, must have been Raymond de Hozes of Seville. I do not ontinued Don Quixote: but, upon second, it could not be of his making; for Raymond lived but the other day, and the battle of alles, where this misfortune happened, was any years ago. But this objection is of no ice, and neither disorders nor alters the truth nexion of the story. True, answered the pray go on, Signor Don Quixote, for I listen ith the greatest pleasure in the world. And ith no less, answered Don Quixote, and so I

enerable Montesinos conducted me to the cryslace, where, in a lower hall, extremely cool,
f alabaster, there stood a marble tomb of exworkmanship, whereon I saw, laid at full
a cavalier not of brass, or marble, or jasper, as
on other monuments, but of pure flesh and
His right-hand, which to my thinking, was
sairy and nervous (a sign that its owner was
nag) was laid on the region of his heart; and
could ask any question, Montesinos, perceiving
me suspense, and my eyes fixed on the sepulid: This is my friend Durandarte, the flower
ror of all the enamoured and valiant knightsf his time. Merlin, that French enchance.
we here enchanted, as he does me, and many
both sexes. It is said, he is the son of the

them, which to punctuality and Sir, I have now go with your me. Reduced, Quixote, and no danswered Sanch your worship not my meaning; and devil, I understa myself, then you—I do not under presently; for I focible, answer I understand you why, if you do I know not how help me. O! no you mean you and w I will lay a wag, from the beginn in

of his own name; who, arriving the starth, and seeing the sun of another sky, that the thought of forsaking you, that he plus that the thought of forsaking you, that he gain in the thought of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth; but, the reason is not a suppose of the earth of t gain into the bowels of the earth; but, it be sible to avoid taking the natural course, he r and then, and shews himself, where the sun their waters, with which, and great into Portion, he stated and great into Portion. tim. he enters stately and great into Por whithersoever he goes, he discove and nelses, whithersoever he goes, ne discover he goes, whithersoever he goes, ne discover he goes he discover and melancholy, breeding in his waters, and costly fish, but only coarse and unanyour differenty fish, but only coarse and unanyour Tagus different fish, but only coarse and unangular Tagur Thow from those of the golden Tagur Thow to from those of the golden Tagur You be tell you, since you make me no a you before, and since you make me no a you give and since you make me or do not he was not believe me, or do not he was not believe me, or do not he was not believe me, or do not he mists me very much. ceb, God Roman Believe me, or do not to the god to the to alleviate your grief, will in no wise to the the your grief, will in no wise to your grief. and Le your grief, will in no wise that you have here present that you have here present knight your grief will see him) that great knight will see him) that great knight your grief will see him) that great knight your grief will see him) that great knight so many thing. vill see him that great thing will be a see him that great thing w Mancha, I say, who, with gr the ages past, has, in the p long-forgotten order of kni vitote de and favour, we may per For great exploits are rese ough it should fall out other Durandarte with a faint nchanted

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indeed, it could not weigh less than according to the opinion of naturali large heart, is endued with more could has a small one. It being then certallier really died, said I, how comes complains every now and then, and salive?

This was no sooner said, but the darte, crying out aloud, said : O my tesinos! the last thing I desired of dying, and my soul departing, was, to ripping it out of my breast with a dr to Belerma. The venerable Montesi threw himself on his knees before cavalier, and, with tears in his eyes. s since, O my dearest cousin Durandar enjoined me in that bitter day of our your heart as well as I could, withou bit of it in your breast; I wiped it wi chief, took it, and went off full speed v having first laid you in the bosom o ding as many tears as sufficed to wa: clean away the blood, which stuck to in your entrails. By the same toker my soul, in the first place I lighted

ove five hundred years ago, not one of us is nly Ruydera and her daughters and nieces are vhom, because of their weeping, Merlin, out assion, turned into so many lakes, which at e, in the world of the living, and in the prov-La Manche, are called the lakes of Ruyders. en sisters belong to the kings of Spain, and nieces to the knights of a very holy order, callknights of Saint John. Guadiana also, your sewailing your misfortune, was changed into a his own name; who, arriving at the surface arth, and seeing the sun of another sky, was so at the thought of forsaking you, that he plunin into the bowels of the earth; but, it being ole to avoid taking the natural course, he rises i then, and shews himself, where the sun and nay see him. The aforesaid lakes supply him ir waters, with which, and several others that , he enters stately and great into Portugal. eless, whithersoever he goes, he discovers his i melancholy, breeding in his waters, not delicostly fish, but only coarse and unsavoury ones, erent from those of the golden Tagus. And now tell you, O my dearest cousin, I have often 1 before, and since you make me no answer, I rou do not believe me, or do not hear me; God knows, afflicts me very much. One piece however, I will tell you, which, if it serves lleviate your grief, will in no wise increase it. nen, that you have here present (open your I you will see him) that great knight, of whom Merlin prophesied so many things; that Don de la Mancha, I say, who, with greater advan-an in the ages past, has, in the present times, the long-forgotten order of knight-errantry; means and favour, we may perhaps, be dised: for great exploits are reserved for great nd though it should fall out otherwise, answerpoor Durandarte with a faint and low voice,

mance, are enchanted by Urganda, in the For-Chamber in the Firm Island, all sexted in state, and there to remain, till some one of terity should dissolve the charm. sels, all clad in mourning, with white tur heads after the Turkish fashion; and last rear of the files, came a lady (for by her seemed to be such) clad also in black, v veil, so long that it kissed the ground. was twice as large as the largest of the eye-brows were joined; her nose was so tish; her mouth wide, but her lips red which she sometimes shewed, were thin very even, though as white as blanched al carried in her hand a fine linen handkerel as seemed to me, a heart of mummy, so dr ed it appeared to be. Montesinos told those of the procession were servants to and Belerma, and were there enchante master and mistress, and that she, who ca ing the heart in the linen handkerchief, Belerma herself, who, four days in the we procession together with her damsels, sin er weeping, dirges over the body, and ov heart of his cousin; and that if she app somewhat ugly, or not so beautiful as fan was occasioned by the bad nights and w

passed in that enchantment, as might b



nat Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so celebrated in parts, and even over the whole world, would have equalled her in beauty, good-humour, and liness.

and softly, quoth I then, good Signor Montesiell your story as you ought to do; for you know, omparisons are odious, and therefore there is no f comparing any body with any body. The peeralcinea is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerwhat she is, and what she has been, and so much t. To which Le answered : Signor Don Quixardon me : I confess I was in the wrong, in sayat the lady Dulcinea would hardly equal the lady na : my understanding, by I know not what guesst your worship is her knight, ought to have made e my tongue sooner, than compare her to any but heaven itself. With this satisfaction given the great Montesinos, my heart was delivered he surprise it was in at hearing my mistress red with Belerma. And I too admire, quoth Sannat your worship did not fall upon the old fellow, uise his bones with kicking, and pluck his beard a, till you had not left him an hair in it. No, Sancho, answered Don Quixote, it did not beme to do so; for we are all bound to respect old hough they be not knights, and especially those re such, and enchanted into the bargain. I know vell I was not at all behind-hand with him in sevther questions and answers, which passed beus.

e the scholar said: I cannot imagine, Sigaor luixote, how your worship in the short space of you have been there below, could see so many, and talk and answer so much. How long is it I went down? quoth Don Quixote. A little an hour, answered Sancho. That cannot be, I Don Quixote; for night came upon me there, sen it grew day; and then night came again, and ain, three times successively; so that by my actimust have been three days in those parts, so and hidden from our sight. My master, and, must needs be right; for as every thing hy do to him in the way of enchantment, we so us but an hour, may seem there three

while. Do un -.. do not eat, answered Don Quiaon. bled with the greater excrements, mon opinion, that their nails, their hair grow. And, sir, do the ench Sancho. No truly, answered Don in the three days that I have been one of them has closed an eye, no quoth Sancho, the proverb hits ri company, and I will tell you what worship keeps company with those what wonder is it that you neither you are with them? But pardon mine, if I tell your worship, that, saying, God take me (I was going believe one word. How so ? said Don Quixote then must have lie mind to it, has not had time to i such a heap of lies. I do not b answered Sancho. If not, what Don Quixote, I believe, answ same Merlin, or those necroma all the crew your worship says y with there below, have crammer

ar memory all this stuff you h

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ing like any kids about those charming fields; and ecarce had I espied them, when I knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcines del Toboso, and the other two the very same wenches that came with her, whom we talked with at their coming out of Toboso. I asked Montesinos, whether he knew them. He answered, no, but that he took them to be some ladies of quality lately enchanted, for they had appeared in those mead-ows but a few days before; and that I should not wonder at that, for there were a good many other ladies there, of the past and present ages, enchanted under various and strange figures, among whom he knew queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintannona, cupbearer to Lancelot, when he arrived from Britain. When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to run distracted, or to die with laughing; for, as he knew the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of whom he himself had been the enchanter, and the bearer of that testimony, he concluded un-doubtedly that his master had lost his senses, and was in all points mad: and therefore he said to him: In an evil juncture, and in a worse season, and in a bitter day, dear patron of mine, did you go down to the other world; and in an unlucky moment did you meet with Signor Montesinos, who has returned you back to us in such guise. Your worship was very well here above, entirely in your senses, such as God had given you, speaking sentences, and giving advice at every turn, and not, as now, relating the greatest extrava-gances that can be imagined. As I know you, San-cho, answered Don Quixote, I make no account of your words. Nor I of your worship's, replied Sancho: you ma, hurt me, if you will; you may kill me, if you please, for those I have said already, or those I intend to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But tell me, sir, now we are at peace, how, or by what, did you know the lady our mistress? and if you spoke to her, what said you? and what answer did she make you?

I knew her, answered Don Quixote, by the very same clothes she wore when you shewed her to me. I spoke to her; but she answered me not a word on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled away with so much speed, that an arrow could not

well, Beierma, Durandarte, and all the r what gave me the most pain of any t. took notice of, was, that while Montesi these things to me, there approached m unperceived by me, one of the two com unfortunate Dulcinea, and with tears in low and troubled voice, said to me : My del Toboso kisses your worship's hand you to let her know how you do; and, necessity, she also earnestly begs your be pleased to lend her, upon this new di I have brought here, six reals, or what y you, which she promises to return very message threw me into suspense and ad turning to Signor Montesinos, I demand it possible, Signor Montesinos, that perse under enchantment suffer necessity? answered: Believe me, Signor Don (Mancha, that what is called necessity p where, extends to all, and reaches every cusing even those who are enchanted : a lady Dulcinea sends to desire of you th and the pawn is, in appearance, a good or more to be done but to give her them doubt she must need to



and pray let her know, that I neither can nor will have health, while I want her amiable presence, and discreet conversation; and that I beseech her with all imaginable earnestness, that she would vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by this her captive servant and bewildered knight. Tell her, that, when she least thinks of it, she will hear it said, that I have made an oath and vow, like that made by the marquess of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Valdovinos, when he found him ready to expire in the midst of the mountain; which was, not to eat bread upon a table-cloth. with the other idle whims he then added, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe, with more punctuality than did the infanta Don Pedro of All this and Portugal,* till she be disenchanted. more your worship owes my lady, answered the damsel; and, taking the four reals, instead of making me a courtesy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the

O holy God! cried Sancho aloud at this juncture; is it possible there should be such an one in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments should have such power over him, as to change my master's good understanding into so extravagant a madness! O sir! sir! for God's sake, look to yourself, and stand up for your honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and decayed your senses. It is your love of me, Sancho, makes you talk at this rate, quoth Don Quixote; and not being experienced in the things of the world, you take every thing, in which there is the least difficulty, for impossible; but the time will come, as I said before, when I shall tell you some other of the things I have seen below, which will make you give credit to what I have now told you, the truth of which admits of no reply or dispute.

^{*} A great voyager, astronomer, and cosmographer, who first began the designs of the Portuguese on the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope. He was fourth son to John the First.

t Among other extravagant peasages in the old romances, intended to be ridiculed in this adventure of Montesinoe's cave, the author seems particularly

THE translator of this grand history from al, written by its first author Cid Hamete says, that coming to the chapter of the a the cave of Montesinos, he found in the m words of Hamete's own hand-writing :--"I cannot persuade myself, or believe, t is mentioned in the foregoing chapter haps valorous Don Quixote exactly as it is the the reason is, because all the adventures lated might have happened and are prob this of the cave I find no possibility of it as it exceeds all reasonable bounds. Bu think, that Don Quixote, being a gentlgreatest veracity, and a knight of the n any of his time, would tell a lie, is as li for he would not utter a falsehood, thoug be shot to death with arrows. On the c consider, that he told it with all the afor stances, and that he could not, in so short framed so vast a machine of extravagance adventure seems to be apocryphal, I am

have had in view that of the two young

and so, without affirming it for true or false, I write it. Since, reader, you have discernment, judge as you see fit; for I neither ought, nor can do any more: though it is held for certain, that, upon his death-bed, he retracted, and said, he had invented it only because it was of a piece, and squared with the adventures he had read of in his histories."

Then the translator goes on, saying :--

The scholar was astonished no less at the boldness of Sancho Panza, than at the patience of his master, judging that the mildness of temper he then shewed sprung from the satisfaction he had just received in seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted : for, had it not been so, Sancho said such words and things to him as richly deserved a cudgelling; and in reality he thought Sancho had been a lit-tle too saucy with his master: To whom the scholar said: For my part, signor Don Quixote, I reckon the pains of my journey in your worship's company very well bestowed, having thereby gained four things.

The first, your worship's acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness. The second, my having learned what is enclosed in this cave of Montesinos, with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera, which will serve me for my Spanish Ovid I have now in hand. The third is, to have learned the antiquity of card-playing, which was in use at least in the days of the emperor Charles the great, as may be gathered from the words your worship says Durandarte spoke, when, at the end of that great while Montesinos had been talking to him, he awaked, saying, Patience, and shuffle the cards: And this allusion to cards, and this way of speaking, he could not learn during his enchantment, but when he was in France, and in the days of the said Emperor Charles the great; and this remark comes pat for the other book I am upon, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the invention of antiquities: for I believe he has forgot to insert that of cards in his work, as I will now do in mine; which will be of great importance, especially as I shall alledge the authority of so grave and true an author signor Durandarte. The fourth is, the knowing we certainty the source of the river Gusdians, hith unknown.

POL. III.

but because they will not receive one, to under an obligation of making such a retu due to the pains and complaisance of the know a prince,* who makes amends for w ing in the rest, with so many advantage durst presume to publish them, perhaps, up envy in several noble breasts. But till a more convenient season, and let us er, where we shall lodge to-night. Not far answered the scholar, is an hermitage, in an hermit, who they say has been a sold the reputation of being a good christian, a creet, and charitable withal. Adjoining to age he has a little house, built at his ow: though small, it is large enough to rec Has this same hermit any poultry? qu Few hermits are without, answered Do for those in fashion now-a-days are not the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with palm-tree, and lived upon roots of the ear not be understood, as if by speaking well I reflected upon the former : I only mean ances of our times do not come un to the a strictness of those days. But this is no

the arms you see I am carrying are to be made use of to-morrow, so that I am under a necessity not to stop, and so adjeu: but, if you would know for what purpose I carry them, I intend to lodge this night at the inn beyoud the hermitage, and, if you travel the same road, You will find me there, where I will tell you wonders; and, once more, God be with you. Then he pricked on the mule at that rate, that Don Quixote had no time to enquire what wonders they were he designed to tell them: and as he was not a little curious, and always tormented with the desire of hearing new things, he gave orders for their immediate departure, resolving to pass the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the scholar would have had them lodge. This was done accordingly; they mounted, and all three took the direct road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before night-fall. The scholar desired Don Quixote to make a step to the hermitage, to drink one draught: and scarce had Sancho Panza heard this, when he steered Dapple towards the hermitage, and the same did Don Quixote and the scholar; but Sancho's ill luck, it seems, would have it, that the hermit was not at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the hermitage. They asked him for the dearest wine : he answered, his master had none; but, if they wanted cheap water, he would give them some with all his heart. If I had wanted water, answered Sancho, there are wells enough upon the road, from whence I might have satisfied myself. for the wedding of Camacho, and the plenty of Don Diego's house! how often shall I feel the want of you!

They quitted the hermitage, and spurred on towards the inn, and soon overtook a lad, who was walking before them in no great haste. He carried a sword upon his shoulder, and upon it a roll or bundle, seemingly of his clothes, in all likelihood breeches or trowsers, a cloak, and a shirt or two. He had on a tattered velvet jacket lined with satin, and his shirt hung out. His stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed after the court-fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a cheerful countenance and in appearance very active of body. He was and in appearance very active of body. He was ney, and, when they overtoo's him, he had just

said : You travel very airily, young spark ; pr. er so fast? let us know, if you are inclined To which the youth answered: My walking a occasioned by the heat and by poverty, and I to the wars. How by poverty? demanded I ote; by the heat it may very easily be. S the youth, I carry in this bundle a pair of ve sers, fellows to this jacket : if I wear them the road, I cannot do myself credit with th city and I have no money to huy others; ar reason, as well as for coolness, I go thus, tup with some companies of foot, which are leagues from hence, where I will list myself not want baggage conveniences to ride in, til to the place of embarkation, which they sa at Carthagena : besides, I choose the king fo ter and lord, whom I had rather serve in the any paltry fellow at court. And pray, sir, any post? said the scholar. Had I served dee, or other person of distinction, answered no doubt I should; for in the service of goo it is no uncommon thing to rise from the ser to the post of ensign or captain, or to get pension : but poor I was always in the servic

A notable Espilorcheria,* as the Italians say, quoth Don Quixote: however, look upon it as an earnest of good-fortune, that you have quitted the court with so good an intention; for there is nothing upon earth more honourable or more advantageous, than first to serve God. and then your king and natural lord, especially in the exercise of arms, by which one acquires at least more honour, if not more riches, than by letters, as I have often said : for though letters have founded more great families than arms, still there is I know not what that exaits those, who follow arms, above those, who follow letters, with I know not what splendour attending them, which sets them above all others. And bear in mind this piece of advice, which will be of great use to you, and matter of consolation in your distresses; and that is, not to think of what adverse accidents may happen; for the worst that can happen is death, and, when death is attended with honour, the best that can happen is to die. That valorous Roman emperor, Julius Cæsar, being asked, which was the best kind of death, answered, that which was sudden, unthought of, and unforeseen; and though he answered like a heathen, and a stranger to the knowledge of the true G vd. nevertheless, with respect to human infirmity, he said well. For, supposing you are killed, in the first skirmish or action, either by a cannon-shot or the blowing up of a mine, what does it signify? all is but dying, and the business is done. According to Terence, the soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and safe in flight; and the good soldier gains just as much reputation, as he shews obedience to his captains, and to those who have a right to command him. take notice, son, that a soldier had better smell of gunpowder than of musk : and if old age overtakes you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and full of wounds, at least it will not overtake you without honour, and such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you of: especially now that care is taking to provide for the maintenance of old and disabled soidiers, who ought not to be dealt with, as many do by their Negro slaves, when they are old, and past service, whom they discharge and set at liberty, and driving

[&]quot; A sneaking trick of a pitiful beggarly fellow.

behind Don Quisote, but did that of supping at the inn; and here, it is said, Sancho n himself: the Lord bless thee for a master! ble that one, who can say so many and things, as he has now done, should say he a travagant impossibilities he tells us of the cresinos? Well, we shall see what will com

By this time they arrived at the inn, just a and Sancho was pleased to see his master to inn indeed, and not for a castle, as usual. scarce entered, when Don Quixote asked t for the man with the lances and halberts; ed, he was in the stable looking after his a scholar and Sancho did the same by their ing Rosinante the best manger, and the b the stable.

CHAP. VIII.

Wherein is begun the braying adventur pleasant one of the puppet-player, and t ble divinations of the divining are.



, answered Don Quixote; for I will help you : he did, winnowing the barley, and cleaning the r; a piece of humility, which obliged the man to tell him what he desired: and seating himon a stone beach without the inn-door, and Done by his side, the scholar, the page, Sancho and the inn-keeper, serving as his senate and

y, he began in this manner :-

must understand, gentlemen, that, in a town agues and a half from this inn, it happened, that arman, through the artful contrivance (too long old) of a wench his maid-servant, lost his ass; ough the said alderman used all imaginable dilito find him, it was not possible. Fifteen days passed, as public fame says, since the ass was g, when the losing alderman being in the markee, another alderman of the same town said to Pay me for my good news, gossip; for your ass peared. Most willingly, neighbour, answered ner; but let us know where he has been seen

mountain, answered the finder: I saw him this ig, without a pannel, or any kind of furniture him, and so lank, that it would grieve one to see I would fain have driven him before me, and it him to you; but he is already become so wild, shy, that, when I went near him, away he galand ran in the most hidden part of the moun-If you have a mind we should both go to seek et me but put up this ass at home, and I will instantly. You will do me a great pleasure, he of the ass, and I will endeavour to pay you same coin. With all these circumstances, and he very same manner, is the story told by all, re thoroughly acquainted with the truth of the

thort, the two aldermen, on foot, and hand in went to the mountain; and coming to the very where they thought to find the ass, they found it, nor was he to be seen any where thereabouts, I they searched diligently after him. Perceiving that he was not to be found, quoth the alderman had seen him to the other: Hark you, gomin, had seen him to the other: Hark you, gomin, had seover this animal, though he were crept into

er, and so we shall traverse and round; and every now and then ye will I; and the ass will most cer swer us, if he be in the mount master of the ass answered: Ve device is excellent, and worthy of So parting according to agreement both brayed at the same instant, as ceived by the braying of the other, er, thinking the ass had appeared; each other, the loser said: Is it powas not my ass that brayed? No the other. I tell you then, quoth ti is no manner of difference, as to th tween you and an ass; for in my heard any thing more natural. compliments, answered the author belong rather to you than to me, ; God that made me, you can give the to the greatest and most skilful be for the tone is deep, the sustaining o

and measure, and the cadences frequency, I own myself vanquished, and



t be of service to us; and even in this, God grant rove of any benefit.

s said, they separated again, and fell anew to raying; and at every turn they deceived each and met again, till they agreed, as a counter-) distinguish their own brayings from that of the at they should bray twice together, one immedifier the other. Thus doubling their brayings, nade the tour of the mountain; but no answer he stray ass—no," not by signs: indeed, how the poor creature answer, whom they found in ickeat of the wood, half devoured by wolves? It whereof the owner said: I wondered indeed he tanswer: for, had he not been dead, he would brayed at learning us, or he were no ass: never-1, gowsip, I esteem the pains I have been at in g him to be well bestowed, though I have found ead, since I have heard you bray with such a

It is in a good hand, gossip, answered other; the abbot sings well, the novice comes not far him.

eupon they returned home, disconsolate and , and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and ntance, all that had happened in the search after ; each of them exaggerating the other's exceln braying. The story spread all over the adjaillages; and the devil, who sleeps not, as he o sow and promote squabbles and discord where can, raising a bustle in the wind, and great as out of next to nothing, so ordered and brought t, that the people of other villages, upon seeing e of the folks of our town, would presently fall ing, as it were hitting us in the teeth with the of our aldermen. The boys gave into it, which one as putting it into the hands and mouths of devils in hell; and thus braying spread from vn to another, insomuch that the natives of the of Brayt are as well known as white folks are sished from black. And this unhappy jest has o far, that the mocked have often sallied out in

blo del Rebusno.

nding to the civility of complimenting one an addink first.

wonders I said I would tell you; and if yo think them such, I have no other for you.

the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture there came in at the do inn a man clad from head to foot in shamo hose, doublet, and breeches, and said wi voice: Master host, have you any lodging come the divining ape, and the puppet-show sendra's deliverance. Body of me, quoth the er, what! master Peter here! we shall ha night of it. I had forgotten to tell you, that master Peter had his left eye, and almos cheek covered with a patch of green taffe that something ailed all that side of his hadlord went on saying: Welcome, mas where is the ape and the puppet show? I them. They are hard by, answered the man; I came before, to see if there be an be had. I would turn out the Duke d'Alvi make room for master Peter, answered the let the ape and the puppets come: for ther this evening in the inn, who will pay for show, and the abilities of the ape. So be and I w



which is one of the best stories, and the best ed, of any that has been seen hereabouts the years. He has also an ape, whose talents exc of all other apes, and even those of men : f thing is asked him, he listens to it attentive then, leaping upon his master's shoulder, and p mouth to his ear, he tells him the answer to tion that is put to him; which master Peter repeats aloud. It is true, he tells much more ing things past than things to come; and, th does not always hit right, yet for the most part much out; so that we are inclined to believ the devil within him. He has two reals for e: tion, if the ape answers; I mean, if his maste: for him, after the ape has whispered him in and therefore it is thought this same mast must be very rich. He is besides, a very gal in Italy, and a boon companion, and lives the life in the world. He talks more than six, an more than a dozen, and all this at the exper tongue, his ape, and his puppets.

By this time master Peter was returned, a cart came the puppets, and a large ape with and its buttocks bare as a piece of felt; but r voured. Don Quixote no sooner espied him b gan to question him, saying : Master diviner, me, what fish do we catch, and what will b tune? See here are my two reals, bidding t give them to master Peter who answered for and said: Signor, this animal makes no angives any information, as to things future : 1 something of the past, and a little of the press bobs, quoth Sancho, I would not give a brass to be told what is past of myself; for who can better than myself? and for me to pay for whi already, would be a very great folly. But knows things present, here are my two real good man ape tell me what my wife Teresa doing, and what she is employed about? M ter would not take the money, saying: I wi paid before-hand, nor take your reward till I l you the service; and giving with his right-ha three claps on his left shoulder, at one sprin jumped upon it, and laying its mouth to hi Januay, arm to those that comfort to all that are unfortunate! Do thunderstruck, Sancho in suspense. th prised, the page astonished, the braying the inn-keeper confounded, and, lastly, heard the expressions of the puppet-playe ed saying : And thou, O good Sancho squire to the best knight in the world, a good wife Teresa is well, and this very ing a pound of flax; by the same token her left-side a broken-mouthed pitcher, very pretty scantling of wine, with w her spirits at her work. I verily believ Sancho, for she is a blessed one, and little jealous, I would not change her Andandona, who, in my master's opin accomplished woman, and a special l my Teresa is one of those, who will themselves, though it be at the expenc Well, quoth Don Quixote, he who re travels much, sees much and knows muc because what could have been sufficie me that there are apes in the world that

I have now seen with my own eyes? very Don Quixote de la Mancha, that

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er such questions, it would be no matter you had money or not; for, to serve signor zote here present, I would wave all advantahe world. And now, because it is my duty, him a pleasure besides, I intend to put in oruppet-show, and entertain all the folks in the The inn-keeper hearing this, and aboveover-joyed, pointed out a convenient place for p the show, which was done in an instant. uixote was not entirely satisfied with the ape's ns, not thinking it likely that an ape should ings either future or past : and so, while maswas preparing his show, Don Quixote drew side to a corner of the stable, where, without erheard by any body, he said to him: Look icho, I have carefully considered the strange this ape, and, by my account, I find that mas-, his owner, must doubtless have made a tacit pact with the devil. Nay, quoth Sancho, if be express from the devil, it must needs be a ty pack: but what advantage would it be to master Peter to have such a pack? You do estand me, Sancho, said Don Quixote: I only at he must certainly have made some agreeh the devil to infuse this ability into the ape, he gets his bread; and, after he is become will give him his soul, which is what the uniemy of mankind aims at. And what induces s belief, is, finding that the ape answers only gs past or present, and the knowledge of the ends no farther; for he knows the future only ture, and not always that; for it is the preof God alone, to know times and seasons, and thing is past or future, but every thing presis being so, as it really is, it is plain the ape he style of the devil; and I wonder he has accused to the Inquisition, and examined by Il he confesses, by virtue of what, or of whom, s: for it is certain this ape is no astrologer; ier his master nor he know how to raise one figures called judiciary, which are now so ushion in Spain, that you have not any ser-, page, or cobler, but presumes to reise

of what colour the puppies woulder astrologer, after raising a figure, answ the bitch would pup, and have three whelps, one carnation, and the other mottled, upon she should take dog between the hours of a twelve at noon or night, and that it were on or a Saturday. Now it happened that the I some two days after of a surfeit, and marriaser had the repute of being as consumms trologer as the rest of his brethren. But fourth Sancho, I should be glad your working as the rest of his brethren which befel you in the cave of Montesino for my own part, begging your worship's pait to be all sham and lies, or at least a dres be so, answered Don Quixote: but I will d advise me, since I myself begin to have se scruples about it.

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While they were thus confabulating, m came to look for Don Quixote, to tell hi was ready, desiring he would come to see served it. Don Quixote communicated thought, and desired him to ask his as whether certain things, which befel him whether certain things, or realities

that part of the things your worship saw, or which befel you, in the said cave, are false, and part likely to be true : and this is what he knows, and no more, as to this question; and if your worship has a mind to put any more to him, on Friday next he will answer to every thing you shall ask him; for his virtue is at an end for the present, and will not return till that time. Did I not tell you, quoth Sancho, it could never go down with me, that all your worship said, touching the adventures of the cave, was true-no, nor half of it? The event will shew that, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; for time, the discoverer of all things, brings every thing to light, though it lie hid in the bowels of the earth; and let this suffice at present, and let us go and see honest master Peter's show; for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it. some f quoth master Peter : sixty thousand novelties are contained in this puppet-show of mine: I assure you, Signor Don Quixote, it is one of the top things to be seen that the world affords at this day; "Operibus eredite, et non verbis;" and let us to work; for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say and to show.

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and came where the show was set out, stuck round with little wax candles, so that it made a delightful and shining appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the show, and before it stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the piece. He had a white wand in his hand, to point to the several figures as they entered. All the folks in the inn-being placed, some standing opposite to the show; and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the scholar, seved in the best places, the drugger-man begun to my what will be heard or seeing the following chapter.

^{* &}quot;El Trezamen." So the Turks call an inter-

TYRIANS and Trojans were all that all the spectators of the show mouth of the declarert of its wonder in the scene they heard the sound drums and trumpets, and several disry; which noise was soon over, amboy raised his voice, and said: 'I here represented to you, gentlemen, word from the French chronicles and which are in every body's mouth, boys up and down the streets. It Gayferos freed his wife Melisendra, oner in Spain, in the hands of the B Sansuenna, now called Saragoesa; ar see how Don Gayferos is playing at to the ballad:—

"Gayferos now at tables plays, Forgetful of his lady dear," &c

That personage, who appears yonder his head, and a sceptre in his hands, Charles the great, the supposed fathe who, being vexed to see the indiana-



atlemen, how the emperor turns his back, and leaves on Gayferos in a fret. See him now impatient with oler, flinging about the board and pieces, and calling stily for his armour; desiring Don Orlando his cousin lend him his sword Durindana; and then how Don lando refuses to lend it him, offering to bear him mpany in that arduous enterprise; but the valorous raged will not accept of it, saying that he alone is le to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down the centre of the earth. Hereupon he goes in to m himself for setting forward immediately. Now, ntlemen, turn your eyes toward that tower, which pears yonder, which you are to suppose to be one of a Moorish towers of Saragossa, now called the Aljaia; and that lady who appears at you balcony in a porish habit, is the peerless Melisendra, casting many heavy look toward the road that leads to France, and ing her imagination upon the city of Paris and her sband, her only consolation in her captivity. Now hold a strange incident, the like perhaps never seen. o you not see you Moor, who, stealing along softly, d step by step, with his finger on his mouth, comes hind Melisendra? Behold how he gives her a tacking kiss full on her lips; observe the haste she skes to spit and wipe her mouth with her white shiftseves; and how she takes on, and tears her beautes hair for vexation, as if that was to blame for the dignity. Observe that great Moor in yonder gallery : is Marsilio, the king of Sansuenna; who, seeing e insolence of the Moor, though he is a relation of s, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized im-idiately, and two hundred stripes to be given him. d to be led through the most frequented streets of s city, with criers before to publish his crime, and s officers of justice with their rods behind; and now hold the officers coming out to execute the sentence, nost as soon as the fault is committed : for, among a Moors, there is no citation of the party, nor copies the process, nor delay of justice, as among us.

The royal palace, now that of the Inquisition.
In Spain, as the malefactors pass along the street cried before them—Such an one to be whipped, &c. for such a crime.

'Or. 111.

plain, and seek not for counterpoints, ... crack the strings. I will, answered the b ceeded, saying:—

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The figure you see there on horseback, a Gascoigne cloak, is Don Gayferos himse his spouse, already revenged on the impud enamoured Moor, shews herself from the of the tower, with a calmer and more se nance, and talks to her husband, believin some passenger; with whom she holds course and dialogue in the ballad, which

"If towards France your course you Let me entreat you, gentle friend, Make diligent inquiry there For Gayferos my husband dear."

The rest I omit, because length begets it sufficient to observe, how Don Gayleros self.; and, by the signs of joy she makes ceive she knows him, and especially no she lets herself down from the balco horseback behind her good spouse. I lady! the border of her under-pettico

burden of his valiant master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and go out of the city, and how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with you, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may ye arrive in safety at your desired country, without fortune's laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold ye enjoy in perfect peace the remaining days (and may they be like Nestor's) of your lives!

Here again master Peter raised his voice, and said: Plainness, boy; and do not incumber yourself; for all affectation is naught. The interpreter made no answer, but went on, saying: There wanted not some idle eyes, such as espy every thing, to see Melisendra's getting down and then mounting; of which they gave notice to king marsilio, who immediately commanded to sound the alarm: and pray take notice what a hurry they are in: how the whole city shakes with the ring-

ing of bells in the steeples of the mosques.

Not so, quoth Don Quixote; master Peter is very much mistaken in the business of the bells; for the Moors do not use bells, but kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like our waits: and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuenna is a gross absurdity. Which master Peter overhearing, he left off ringing, and said : Signor Don Quixote, do not criticise upon trifles, nor expect that perfection, which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies acted almost every where, full of as many improprieties and blunders, and yet they run their career with great success, and are listened to, not only with applause, but with admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; for, so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are motes in the sun. You are in the right, quoth Don Quixote; and the boy proceeded :-

See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two Catholic hovers; how many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play and how many drums and kettle-drums rattle; I to they will overtake them, and bring them back tied their own horse's tail, which would be a luming spectacle.

Don Quixote, sceing such a number of the city of the country of the



s, and hearing such a din, thought proper to suc those that fled, and rising up, said in a foud voice i never consent, while I live, that in my presence an outrage as this be offered to so famous a knight o daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base rabble, follow not, nor pursue after him; for, if do, have at you. And so said, so done, he unhed his sword, and at one spring he planted him lose to the show, and with a violent and unheardry, began to rain hacks and slashes upon the ish puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading rs, laming this, and demolishing that; and, among at many other strokes, he fetched one with such a , that, if master Peter had not ducked and squatdown, he had chopped off his head with as much as if it had been made of sugar-paste. Master r cried out, saying : Hold, Signor Don Quixote, , and consider, that these figures, you throw down, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only nun



ing in the world! In God's name, let it live, and let me die, quoth master Peter at this juncture with a fainting voice, since I am so unfortunate, that I can say with king Roderigo,* Yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day I have not a foot of land I can call my own. It is not half an hour ago, nor scarce half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks full of fine things; and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar, and, what grieves me most of all, without any ape, who, i'faith, will make my teeth sweat for it, before I get him sgain; and all through the inconsiderate fury of this Sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds; but in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In fine, it could only be the "knight of the sorrowful figure," who was destined thus to disfigure me and mine.

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by what master Peter had spoken, and therefore said to him: Weep not, master Peter, nor take on so; for you break my heart, and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so catholic and so scrupulous a christian, that, if he comes to reflect that he has done you any wrong, he knows how, and will certainly make you amends with interest. If signor Don Quixote, quoth master Peter, would but repay me part of the damage he has done me, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved, who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution. True, quoth Don Quixote: but as yet I do not know that I have any thing of yours, master Peter : How ! answered master Peter ; what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by them? Now am I entirely convinced, quoth Don Quixote at this juncture, of what I have often believed before, that those enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually setting shapes before me as they really are, and presently put

^{*} The last King of the Goths in Spain overthro by the Moore.

QUIXOTE.

me, and transforming them into I protest to you, gentlemen, that has passed at this time seemed id precisely so: I took Melisen-Don Gayferos, Don Gayferos; d Charlemagne, Charlemagne, l my choler; and, in compliance profession as a knight-errant, I i succour those who fled; and a I did what you just now saw: ut the reverse, it is no fault of wicked persecutors; and notake of mine, and though it did be, yet will I condemn myself Peter, what you must have for I I will pay it you down in curof Castile. Master Peter made : I expected no less from the of the valorous Don Quixote succourer and support of all the and let master inn-keeper and ipires and appraisers, between of what the demolished figures

Sancho said they would; and ag up Marsilio king of Saragos-

maravedis. Nay, said Don Quizote, the devil must be in it, if Melisendra be not by this time, with her husband, at least upon the borders of France: for methought the horse they rode upon seemed to fly rather than gallop; and therefore do not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, shewing me here Melisendra noseless, whereas, at this very instant, probably she is solacing herself at full stretch with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, master Peter, let us have plain-dealing, and proceed. Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp, and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape him so, and therefore said to him: Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting maids, and so with sixty maravedis I shall be well enough paid, and very well contented. Thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators after. wards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three quarters : and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, master Peter demanded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. them, Sancho, said Don Quixote, not for catching the ape, "but to drink. I would give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain, that Donna Melisendra and Signor Don Gayferos are at this time in France and among their friends. Nobody can tell us that better than my ape, said master Peter: but the devil himself cannot catch him now; though I suppose his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night; and to-morrow is a new day, and we shall see one another again.

In conclusion, the bustle of the puppet-show was quite over, and they all supped together in peace and good company, at the expence of Don Quixote, who was liberal to the last degree. He who carried the lances and halberts went off before day, and, after it

^{*} Here, in the original, is a jingle of words "(no para tomar el mono, sino lamona)" which it is impossible to preserve in the translation. "Mono" signifies an ape, and "mona," in familiar language, is used for being drunk, or drunkenness—perhaps because men in liquor often play apish tricks.

ness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him very well; and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, where we will leave them to give place to the relating several other things necessary to the better understanding this famous history,

CHAP. X.

Wherein is related, who master Peter and his ape were; with the ill success Don Quixote had in the braying adventure, which he finished not as he wished and intended.

CID HAMETE, the chronicler of this grand history, begins this chapter with these words: I swear as a Catholic christian: to which his translator says, that Cid Hamete's swearing as a Catholic christian, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, meant nothing more than that, as the Catholic christian, when he swears, does, or ought to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Den Quixote, and especially in declaring who master Peter was, with some account of the divining one who surprised all the villar



ila, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's Dapie; and the not particularising the when, nor the now, in the first part, through the neglect of the printers, made many ascribe the fault of the press to want of memory in the author. But in short, Gines stole him, while Sancho Panza was asleep on his back, making use of the same trick and device that Brunelo did, who, while Sacripante lay at the siege of Albraca, stole his horse from between his legs; and afterwards Sancho recovered him, as has been already related. This Gines then (being afraid of falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him, in order to chastise him for his numberless requeries and crimes, which were so many and so flagrant, that he himself wrote a large volume of them) resolved to pass over the kingdom of Arragon, and, covering his left eye, took up the trade of puppet-playing and legerdemain, both of which he perfectly understood. It fell out, that, lighting upon some christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he bought that ape, which he taught, at a certain signal, to leap up on his shoulder, and mut-ter something, or seem to do so, in his ear. This done, before he entered any town, to which he was going with his show and his ape, he informed himself in the next village, or where he best could, what particular things had happened in such and such a place, and to whom; and bearing them carefully in his memory, the first thing he did, was to exhibit his show, which was sometimes of one story, and sometimes of another, but all pleasant, gay, and generally known. The show ended, he used to propound the abilities of his ape, telling the people, he divined all that was past and present; but as to what was to come, he did not pretend to any skill therein. He demanded two reals for answering each question, and to some he afforded it heaper, according as he found the pulse of his clients eat; and coming sometimes to houses, where he knew that had happened to the people that lived in them. rough they asked no question, because they would not ty him, he gave the signal to his ape, and presently id, he told him such and such a thing, which tallied actly with what had happened; whereby he gained a libble credit, and was followed by every body. A such or times, being very cunning, he answered in such

nee non Amzo little lower, when he cut off ki destroyed all his cavalry, as is r chapter. This is what offers co and the ape.

And, returning to Don Quixot he determined, before he went visit the banks of the river Hel thereabouts, since he had time er fore the tournaments began. sued his journey, and travelled to ing on any thing worth recording going up a hill, he heard a great r pets, and guns. At first he thoug soldiers was marching that way, a to Rosinante, and ascended the h being got to the top, he perceived, valley beneath, above two hundre various weapons, as spears, crossberds, and pikes, with some guns, of targets. He rode down the hill to the equadron, that he saw the ba distinguished their colours, and o they bore; especially one upon a b white satin, whereon was painted the little

brayers aldermen, since, according to the motto, they were not aldermen but bailiffs. To which Sancho Panza answered: That breaks no squares, sir; for it may very well be, that the aldermen who brayed, might, in process of time, become bailiffs of their town, and therefore may properly be called by both those titles; and though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history, whether the brayers were bailiffs or aldermen, so long as they both braved; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman. In conclusion, they found, that the town derided was sallied forth to attack another. which had laughed at them too much, and beyond what was fitting for good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never loved to make one in these kind of expeditions. Those of the squadron received him amongst them, taking him for some one of their party. Don Quixote, lifting up his visor, with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, and all the chiefs of the army gathered about him to look at him, being struck with the same admiration that every body was the first time of seeing him. Don Quixote, seeing them so intent upon looking at him, without any one's speaking to him, or asking him any question, resolved to take advantage of this silence, and, breaking his own, he raised his voice, and said:-

terrupt a discourse I shall make to you, till you find it disgusts and tires you; for, if that happen, at the least sign you shall make, I will clap a seal on my lips, and a gag upon my tongue. They all desired him to say what he pleased; for they would hear him with a very good will. With this licence Don Quixote proceeded, saying: I, gentlemes, am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and whose profession that of succouring those who stand in need of succour, and relieving the distressed. Some days ago I heard of your misfortune, and the cause that induces you to take arms at every turn, to revenge yourselves on your elemies. And, having often pondered your business in my mind, I find, that, according to the laws of duels, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted; for mo one person can affront a whole town unless the by accusing them of treason conjointly, as not knowing

Good gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you not to in-

very was, ... far, and greatly exceeded the limits of che he needed not have challenged the dead the bread, or the unborn, nor several othities mentioned in the challenge. But 1 for, when choler overflows its dam, the to father, governor, nor bridle, to restrain it. so, then, that a single person cannot a dom, province, city, republic, or a wholclear, there is no reason for your march venge such an affront, since it is really n it not be pretty indeed, if those of the business* should endeavour to knock brains out, who calls them by their trade it not be pleasant, if the cheese-monger mongers, the fish-mongers, and soap-boile of several other names and appellations every body's mouth, and common amor would it not be fine indeed, if all thes should be ashamed of their businesses, a ally taking revenge, and making sacl swords upon every quarrel, though ne No, no, God neither permits nor wil wisdom, and well-ordered commonwer take arms, draw their swords, and has

it is, in the defence of their country. To these five capital causes, several others might be added, very just and very reasonable, and which oblige us to take arms. But to have recourse to them for trifles, and things rather subjects for laughter and pastime, than for affronts, looks like acting against common sense. Besides, taking an unjust revenge (and no revenge can be just) is acting directly against the holy religion we profess, whereby we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those that hate us; a precept which, though seemingly difficult, is really not so, to any but those, who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the Spirit; for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never lied, nor could, nor can lie, and who is our legislator, has told us, "his yoke is easy, and his burden light:" and therefore he would not command us any thing impossible to be per-So that, gentlemen, you are bound to be quiet and pacified by all laws both divine and human.

The devil fetch me, quoth Sancho to himself, if this master of mine be not a tologue; or, if not, he is as like one, as one egg is like another. Don Quixote took breath a little; and, perceiving that they still stood attentive, he had a mind to proceed in his discourse, and had certainly done so, had not Sancho's acuteness interposed; who, observing that his master paused a while, took up the cudgels for him, saying: My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called "the knight of the sorrowful figure," and now "the knight of the lions," is a sage gentleman, and understands Latin and the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and, in all he handles or advises, proceeds like an expert soldier, having all the laws and statutes of what is called duel at his fingers' ends: and so there is no more to be done, but to govern yourselves by his direction, and I will bear the blame if you do amiss: besides, you are but just told, how foolish it is to be ashamed to hear one bray. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed as often as I pleased, without any body's hindering me, and with such grace and propriety that, whenever I brayed, all the assess of the tow brayed: and for all that I did not cease to be the

[&]quot;Tologo; a blunder of Sancho's for teologo, a d

two man.....

truth, do but stay and that of swimming, once learned, is ne Then, laying his hands to his nost bray so strenuously, that the adjacent ed again. But one of those, who ste

believing he was making a mock of t pole he had in his hand, and gave him it, as brought Sancho Panza to t Quixote, seeing Sancho so evil intre striker with his lance; but so many i was impossible for him to be revenge ry, finding a shower of stones come and a thousand cross-bows presente guns levelled at him, he turned Rosi as fast as he could gallop, got out f recommending himself to God with deliver him from this danger, fear lest some bullet should enter at his at his breast; and at every mome

breath, to try whether it failed him of the squadron were satisfied with * -fter him. As for S



CHAP. XI.

Of things, which Ben Engeli says, he who reads them will know, if he reads them with attention.

WHEN the valiant flies, it is plain he is over-matched; for it is the part of the wise to reserve themselves for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the people, and to the evil intentions of that resentful squadron, took to his heels, and without bethinking him of Sancho, or of the danger in which he left him, got as far on as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed him athwart his beast, as has been said. he came up to him, having recovered his senses; and, at coming up he fell from Dapple at the feet of Rosinante, all in anguish, all bruised, and all beaten. Don Quixote alighted to examine his wounds; but finding him whole from head to foot, with much choler he said: In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must you needs shew your skill in braying; where did you learn that it was fitting to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To the music of braving, what a counterpoint could you expect but that of a cudgel? Give God thanks, Sancho, that instead of crossing your back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on you with a scymitar. I am not now in a condition to answer, replied Sancho; for methinks I speak through my shoulders: let us mount, and be gone from this place : as for braying, I will have done with it; but I shall not with telling, that knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies. To retire is not to fly, answered Don Quixote; for you must know, Sancho, that the valour, which has not prudence for its basis, is termed rashness, and the exploits of the rash are ascribed rather to their good fortune, than their courage. I contess I did retire, but not fled; and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this histories are full of examples, which, being of no profit to you, or please o me, I omit at present. By this time Sancho was mounted, with the 3 THE OWNER-DONG TO THE BEDG OF THE ner that he was ready to swoon pain, said Don Quixote, must d pole they struck you with, bein your whole back, where lie all t. pain, and, if it had reached furthe ed you more. Before God, que ship has brought me out of a gran it in very fine terms. Body of m pain so hid, that is was necessar pain in all those parts, which the ancles ached, you might not perhi they pained me : but to divine, th beaten, is no great business. In other men's harms hang by a hai and more every day, and what from keeping your worship compyou let me be basted, we shall hundred times again, to our old other follies; which, if this time my back, the next they will fa would be much better for me, bu and shall never do any thing tha

I say again, it would be much b to my own house, and to my

;



out to your heart's content." I wish I may see the first, who set on foot knight-errantry, burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squire to such ideots as all the knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present: for, your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and because I know your worship knows spoint beyond the devil in all you talk and think.

I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, that now you are talking, and without interruption, you feel no pain in all your body. Talk on, my son, all that comes into your thoughts, and whatever comes uppermost; for, so you feel no pain. I shall take pleasure in the very trouble your impertinences give me : and if you have so great a desire to return home to your wife and children, God torbid I should hinder you. You have money of mine in your hands: see how long it is since we made this third sally from our town, and how much you could or ought to get each month, and pay yourself. When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well, said Sancho, I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals: with your worship I cannot tell what I may get; though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be squire to a knight-errant, than servant to a farmer; for, in fine, we who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so hard in the day-time, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper from the pot, and we sleep in a bed, which is more than I have done since I have served your worship, excepting the short time we were at Don Diego de Miranda's house, the good cheer I had with the skimming of Camacho's pots, and what I ate, drank, and slept, at Basilius's house. All the rest of the time I have lain on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what people call the inclemencies of heaven, living upon bits of bread and scraps of cheese, and drinking water, sometimes from the brook, and sometimes from the fountain, such as we met with up and down by the way.

I confess, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, that all you

[&]quot;The very language of Don Quizote himself, with the talked of arms and letters in the inn.

an island, it would be just and reason, add six reals more; which makes this very well, replied Don Quixote: as wages you have allotted yourself, it is days since we sallied from our town; in proportion, and see what I owe you self, as I have already said, with your of me, quoth Sancho, your worship is reckoning; for, as to the business of t and, we must compute from the day y to the present hour. Why, how long itsed it you? said Don Quixote. If I answered Sancho, it is about twenty days, more or less. Don Quixote gay clap on the forehead, with the prime began to laugh very heartily, and said

to the present hour. Why, how long it ised it you? said Don Quixote. If I answered Sancho, it is about twenty days, more or less. Don Quixote gavelup on the forehead, with the pulm began to laugh very heartily, and said bling up and down the sable mountai series of our sallies, scarce take up say you. Sancho, it is twenty year you the island? Well. I perceive your wages should swallow up all the of mine if it be so, and such is henceforward I give it you, and muc you; for so I may get rid of so wo

ises ill-placed! O man, that has more of the beast than of the human creature! Now when I thought of settling you, and in such a way, that, in spite of your wife, you should have been styled Your Lordship, do you now leave me? now you are for going, when I have taken a firm and effectual resolution to make you lord of the best island in the world? But, as you yourself have often said, honey is not for an ass's mouth. An ass you are, an ass you will continue to be, and an ass you will die; for I verily believe, your life will reach its final period, before you will perceive or

be convinced that you are a beast.

Sancho looked very wistfully at Don Quixote all the while he was thus rating him : and so great was the companction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and with a doleful and faint voice, he said : Dear sir, I confess, that to be a complete ass, I want nothing but a tail: if your worship will be pleased to put me one on. I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass, all the remaining days of my life Pardon me, sir, have pity on my ignorance, and consider, that if I talk much, it proceeds more from infirmity than malice: but he who errs and mends, himself to God commends. I should wonder, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote, if you did not mingle some little proverb with your talk. Well, I forgive you, upon condition of your amendment, and that henceforward you show not yourself so fond of your interest, but that you endeavour to enlarge your heart, take courage, and strengthen your mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which, though they are deferred, are not therefore desperate. Sancho answered, he would, though he should draw force from his weakness. Hereupon they entered the poplar grove. Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for these kind of trees and such like have always feet, but never hands. Sancho passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises. Don Quizote passed it in his wonted meditations: but for all that they both alept, and at break of day they parsued the way towards the banks of the funous Hebro, with there held them what shall be related in the constant. chapter.

games and cancho, travelling at fall, came to the river Hebro, the Don Quixote great pleasure, wh templated the verdure of its banks waters, the smoothness of its cu dance of its liquid crystal: which brought to his remembrance a thoughts; and particularly he musseen in the cave of Montesinos: fiter's ape had told him, that part a true, and part false, he inclined i true than false, quite the reverse c them all for falsehood itself.

Now, as they sauntered along is perceived a small bark, without atackle, tied to the trunk of a tree, brink of the river. Don Quixote I him every way, and, seeing nob more ado alighted from Rosinante cho to do the like from Dupple, a beasts very fast to the body of a which grew there. Sancho asked hasty alighting and tying. Don You are to know, Sancho, that the for no other present in the same of the control of the present in the same of the same



and this is as true, as that it is now day; and, before it be spent, tie Dapple and Rosinante together, and the hand of God be our guide; for I would not fail to embark, though barefooted friars themselves should entreat me to the contrary.* Since it is so, answered Sancho, and that your worship will every step be running into these same (how shall I call them?) extravagances, there is no way but to obey, and bow the head, giving head to the proverb: Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table. But for all that, as to what pertains to the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your worship, that to me this boat seems not to belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river; for here they catch the best shads in the world.

All this Sancho said while he was tying the cattle, leaving them to the protection and care of enchanters, with sufficient grief of his soul. Don Quixote bid him be in no pain about forsaking those beasts: for he, w.io was to carry themselves through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them. I do not understand your longitudes, said Sancho, nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life. Longitude, replied Don Quixote, means length, and no wonder you do not understand it; for you are not bound to know Latin; though some there are, who pretend to know it, and are quite as ignorant as yourself. Now they are tied, quoth Sancho, what must we do next? What? answered Don Quixote: why, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, embark ourselves, and cut the rope wherewith the vessel is tied. And, leaping into it, Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat fell off by little and little from the shore; and when Sancho saw himself about a couple of yards from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than to hear his ass bray, and to see Rosinante struggling to get loose; and he said to his master : The ass brays as bemoaning our absence, and Rosinante is endeavouring to get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest to throw himself into the river after us.

[&]quot;In Spain, so great is the reverence for those directions, that it is next to impious to refuse complete with any thing they request.

What weep you not, of a house-rate who hurts you, soul of a house-rate who hurts you, soul of the you, poor wretch, in the midst of the boy dance? Art thou, peradventure, trudging the Riphesn mountains? No, but seated like an archduke, sliding easily down the charming river, whence in a short space out into the boundless ocean. But dou got out already, and must have gone at eight hundred leagues. If I had here itake the elevation of the pole, I wou many we have gone; though either I we are already past, or shall presently nactial line, which divides and cuts the at equal distances. And when we are your worship speaks of, quoth Sanche we have travelled? A great way, re ote : for, of three hundred and sixty d in the terraqueous globe, according to of Ptolemy, the greatest geographer shall have travelled one half, when line I told you of. By the lord, qu worship has brought a very pretty Tolmy (how d'ye call him !) with



know what occasion there is for making this experiment, since I see with my own eyes, that we are not got five yards from the bank, nor fallen two yards below our cattle: for yonder stands Rosinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and taking aim as I do now, " I vow to God we do not move an ant's pace. Sancho, said Don Quixote make the trial I bid you, and take no further care; for you know not what things colures are, nor what lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed : for, if you knew all these things, or but a part of them, you would plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left behind us, and are just now leaving. And once more I bid you feel yourself all over, and fish : for I for my part, am of opinion you are as clean as a sheet of paper smooth and white. Sancho carried his hand softly and gently towards his left ham, and then lifted up his head, and, looking at his master, said: Either the experiment is false, or we are not arrived where your worship says, not by a great many leagues. Why, quoth Don Quixote, have you met with something then? Ay, several somethings, answered Sancho, and shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, down whose current the boat was gently gliding, not moved by any secret influence, nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream of the water then smooth and calm.

By this time they discovered certain large watermills, standing in the midst of the river; and scarce had Don Quixote espied them, when he said with a loud voice to Sancho: O friend, behold, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, in which some knight lies under oppression, or some queen, infanta, or princess in evil plight; for whose relief I am brought hither. What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle do you talk of, sir? quoth Sancho; do you not perceive, that they are mills standing in the river for the grinding of

^{*} Sancho, siming as with a gun, at some mark on the shore, could perceive what way the book was making.

formation of Dulcing The boat being now got into the cu began to move a little faster than it l The millers seeing it coming adrift and that it was just going into the m stream of the mill-wheels, several of all haste with long poles to stop it and clothes being covered with me an ill appearance; and calling out Devils of men, where are you going that ye have a mind to drown yours to pieces by the wheels? Did I no said Don Quixote, at this juncture, where I must demonstrate how fa arm extends? look, what a parcel felons are come out against me! to oppose us, and what ugly count Now ye shall see, rascals. And boat, he began to threaten the mi Ill-led and worse advised scoundre free the person you keep under op fortress or prison, whether of high I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, "knight of the lions," for whom

heavens, the putting a happy end



weight of his armour carried him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and as it were, craned them both both up, they must have inevitably perished.*

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho kneeling, with hands joined and eyes uplifted, beseeched God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master. And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; and, seeing it broken they be-gan to strip Sancho, and demand payment for it of Don Quizote, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen, he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they should deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person or persons, who lay under op-pression in their castle. What persons, or what castle do you mean, madman? answered one of the millers: would you carry off those, who came to grind their corn at our mills? Enough, thought Don Quixote to himself, it will be preaching in the desert, to endeavour, by intreaty, to prevail with such mob to do any thing that is honourable: and, in this adventure. two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating what the other attempts, the one providing me a bark, and the other oversetting it: God help us! this world is nothing but machinations and tricks quite opposite one to the other: I can do no more. Then looking towards the mills, he raised his voice, and said: Friends, whoever you are that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that, through my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your affliction: this adventure is kept and reserved for some other knight. Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen. and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho, disbursed much against his will, saying: A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital. The fishermen and millers stood wondering at these two figures, so out of the fashion and semblance of other

[&]quot;Literally, "there had been Troy for them both "Aqui fue Troya," "Here stood Troy," is a Spar Proverb, denoting something rained or destroyed.

CHAP. XIII

Of what befel Don Quixote w

SUFFICIENTLY melancholy, an rived at their castle the knight at Sancho, who was grieved to the vapital of the money, all that weening to him to be so much talleles of his eyes. In conclusion, out exchanging a word, and quit Don Quixote buried in the thot Sancho in those of his proferm for the present, far enough off: head as he was, he saw well en of his master's actions were extreme for an opportunity, without com charges, to walk off some day home. But fortune ordered may what he feared.

It fell out then, that the next

was arrayed in green, and her attire so full of fancy, and so rich, that fancy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk; from whence Don Quixote conjectured she must be a lady of great quality, and mistress of all those sportsmen about her, as in truth she was; and so he said to Sancho: Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, "the knight of the lions," kim the hands of her great beauty, and, if her highness gives me leave, I will wait upon her to kiss them, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command: and take heed, Sancho, how you speak, and have a care not to interlard your embassy with any of your proverbs. You have hit up-on the interlarder, quoth Sancho: why this to me? as if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life. Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea, replied Don Quixote, I know of none you have carried, at least none for me. That is true, answered Sancho; but a good pay-master needs no surety; and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a dressing: I mean, there is no need of advising me; for I am prepared for all, and have a smattering of every thing. I believe it, Sancho, quoth Don Quixote: go in a good hour, and God be your guide. Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, and came where the fair huntress was; and alighting, and kneeling before her, he said: Beauteous lady, that knight youder, called "the knight of the lions," is my master, and I am his squire; called at home Sancho Panza. This same knight of the lions, who not long ago was called he of "the sorrowful figure," sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, goodwill, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other than to serve your high-towering falconry and beauty; which, if your ladyship grant him, you will a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and

satisfaction.

Truly, good squire, answered the lady, you have delivered your message with all the circumstances, which such embassies require: rise up, for it is not fit the vice, in a country-seat we have here nate rose up, in admiration as well at the goo ty, as at her great breeding and courtesy, and es at what she had said, that she had some know his master, "the knight of the sorrowful figure if she did not call him "the knight of the lie concluded it was, because he had assumed it lately. The duchess (whose title is not yet said to him : Tell me, brother squire, is not this of yours the person, of whom there goes about a his in print, called "the ingenious gentleman Don ote de la Mancha, who has for mistress of his tions one Dulcinea del Toboso ?" The ver answered Sancho: and that squire of his, who ought to be, in that same history, called Sancho Par am I, unless I was changed in the cradle, I me the press. I am very glad of all this, quoth the r ess; go, brother Panza, and tell your master. heartily welcome to my estates, and that nothing co happen to me, which could give me greater pleas With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely deli ed, returned to his master, to whom he recounter that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in rustic phrase, her beauty, her good-humour, courtesy, to the skies. Dou Quixote, putting



By this time Don Quixote was arrived, with his beaver up; and making a shew of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that in getting off from Dapple, his foot hung in one of the rope-stirrups, in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to disentangle himself; but he hung by it with his face and preast on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to alight without having his stirrup held, thinking Sancho was come to do his office, threw his body off with a swing, and carrying with him Rosinante's saddle, which was ill girted, both he and the saddle came to the ground, to his no small shame, and many a heavy curse muttered between his teeth on the unfortunate Sancho, who still had his legs in the stocks. The duke commanded some of his sportsmen to help the knight and squire, who raised up Don Quixote in ill plight through his fall; and limping, as well as he could, he made shift to go and kneel before the lord and lady. But the duke would by no means suffer it: on the contrary, alighting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying: I am very sorry, Sir knight of the sorrowful figure, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unlucky : but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances. It could not be accounted unlucky, O valorous prince, answered Don Quixote, though I had met with no stop till I had fallen to the bottom of that deep abyes: for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire, God's curse light on him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm; but whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at your highness's service, and at my lady duchess's, your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal princess of courtesy. Softly, dear Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, quoth the duke for where lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not reasonable other beauties should be praised.

Sancho Panza was now got free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could answer be said: It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, the say lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; here we are least aware, there starts the hare.

never any knight-errant in the wing, nor a more merry-conceited and he will make my words good pleased to make use of my servic which the duchess answered. It

which the duchess answered: I a honest Sancho is pleasant: it is for pleasantry and good-humour, as your worship well knows, dweles; and since Sancho is plea henceforward I pronounce him dispace, added Don Quixote. See quoth the duchess; for many goexpressed in few words, and, that

away all our time upon them, cor of the sorrowful figure. Of the should say, quoth Sancho; the so more. Of the lions then let it be, I say, come on, Sir knight of the mine hard by, where you shall be suitable to a person of so elevate duchess and I are wont to receive who come to it.

Who come to it.

By this time Sancho had adjust Rosinante's saddle, and Don On:



CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of many and great things.

EXCESSIVE was the joy, which Sancho conceive ee himself, in his thinking, a favourite of the du s; expecting to find in her castle the same as Diego's, or Basilius's; for he was always a lo ood cheer, and consequently took every opportun agaling himself by the forelock, where, and whe it presented. Now, the history relates, that, b they came to the pleasure-house, or castle, th rode on before, and gave all his servants the in what manner they were to behave to Do ote; who arriving with the duchess at the castle immediately there issued out two lacquers or s. clad in a kind of morning-gowns of fine crimtin down to their heels; and taking Don Quixote r arms, without being observed, said to him eat sir, and take our lady the duchess off her Don Quixote did so, and great compliments between them thereupon. But, in short, the 's positiveness got the better, and she would it, nor descend from her palfrey, but into the rms, saying, she did not think herself worthy e so grand a knight with so unprofitable a At length the duke came out, and took her rse; and at their entering into a large court-) beautiful damsels came, and threetote's shoulders a lowsweetheart, as to step to the or will find a dapple ass of mine; and order him to be put, or put him yo ble; for the poor thing is a little ti abide to be alone by any means in master be as discreet as the man, ar we are finely thriven. Go, brother you and him that brought you hither you and your beast, that the duenr not accustomed to such kind offic swered Sancho, I have heard my very mine-finder* of histories, re Lancelot, when he from Britain ca took care of his person, and duenn: as to the particular of my ass, I we for Signor Lancelot's steed. brother, replied the duenna, keep place where they may make a bett you may be paid for them; for fro nothing but a fig for them. That ever, answered Sancho; for I am a ripe one, there being no danger game of your years for want of a

a whore, cried the duenna, all on f

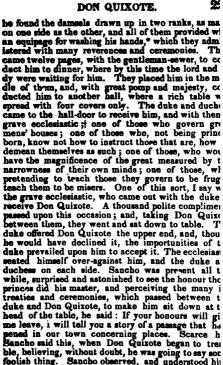
With this good man here, answered the duenna, who has desired me in good earnest to go and set up an ass of his that stands at the castle-gate; bringing me for a precedent, that the same thing was done, I know not where, by one Lancelot, and telling me how certain ladies looked after him, and certain duennas after his steed; and to mend the matter, in mannerly terms called me old woman. I should take that for the greatest affront that could be offered me, answered the duchess; and, speaking to Sancho, she said: Be assured, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is very young, and wears those veils more for authority and the fashion than upon account of her years. May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper, answered Sancho, if I meant her any ill: I only said it, because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than to Signora Donna Rodriguez. Don Quixote, who overheard all, said : Are these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place? Sir, answered Sancho, every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dappie, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there. To which the duke said: Sancho is very much in the right, and is not to be blamed in any thing: Dapple shall have provender to his heart's content; and let Sancho take no farther care. for he shall be treated like his own person.

With these discourses, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and conducted Don Quixote into a great hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards Don Quixote, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant. Don Quixote, being unarmed, remained in his strait breeches and shammy doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, with his laws meeting, and kissing each other on the inside: such a figure, that, if the damsels who waited upon him, had not taken care to contain themselves (that being one of the precise orders given them by their lord and lady) they had burst with laughing. They desired hwould suffer himself to be undressed, and put on

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shirt; a... where stood a rich bea, no p put on the shirt; and, finding cho, he said to him: Tell me tique blockhead, do you th dishonour and affront a due worthy of respect? Was that ple ? Or are these gentry lik poorly, who treat their owne of God, Sancho, refrain you the grain, lest it should be s try web you are spun. Look so much the more esteemed. are civiler and better bred; vantages great persons hav they employ servants as god not consider, pitiful thou, a ple perceive you are a gr fool, they will be apt to the or some knight of the she Sancho, avoid, avoid thes

ever sets up for a talker at tumbles down into a dis tongue, consider, and del they go out of your



^{*} It is the custom in Italy and Spain to bring wat

and a towel to strangers.

† The character of this ecclesiastic is, probably, tire on some monk or clergyman, who had fallen to the author.





Some in two days. He shall shorten nothing, quoth the dustices; and, to please me, he shall tell it his ow way, though he have not done in six days; and shoul it take up so many, they would be to me the most

agreeable of any I ever spent in my life.

I say then, sire, proceeded Sancho, that this sam watleman, whom I know as well as I do my right-han home my left (for it is not a bow-shot from my house t his) invited a farmer, who was poor, but honest, to dis ner. Proceed, friend, said the ecclesiastic, at this period; for you are going the way with your tale not to stop till you come to the other world. I shall stop be fore we get half way thither, if it pleases God, answer ed Sancho; and so I proceed. This same farmer, com ing to the said gentleman-inviter's house---God red his soul, for he is dead and gone, by the same token i is reported he died like an angel; for I was not by, be ing at that time gone a reaping to Tembleque. Pry thee, see, said the ecclesistic, come back quick? from Tembleque, and, without burying the gentlema (unless you have a mind to make more burials) mak an end of your tale. The business then, quoth Sancho was this, that they being ready to sit down to table—methiaks I see them now more than ever. The duk-The duk d duchess took great pleasure in seeing the displeas are the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and names of Sancho's tale; but Don Quixote was quite anger and vexed. I say then, quoth Sancho, tha they both standing, as I have said, and just ready to si down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the gen tleman to take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman, with as much positiveness, pressed the farm e to take it, saying he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good-breeding, would by no means all down, till the gentleman, in a fret, laying both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, made him sit down by main force, mying: Sit thee down, chaff-threshing charl; for let me sit where I will, that in the upper we to thee. This is my tale, and traly I believe it

brought in here pretty much to the purpose.

The instruct brown of Don Optivote's face was
lied with a thousand colours. The duke and d
discembled their laughter, that Don Quixote to

glants or caitiffs, since and which Do quished a great many. To which Do ed: My misfortunes, madam, though beginning, will never have an end. quered, and caitiffs, and have sent as abould they find her, if she be enclosed into the ugliset country-we

beginning, will never have an end. quered, and caitiffs, and have sent a should they find her, if she he enc! formed into the ugliest country-wimagined? I know not, quoth Sancale appeared the most beautiful creat least, in activity, or a certain spher, I am sure she will not yield tumbler. In good faith, lady duc from the ground upon an 'ass as i Have you seen her enchanted, Eduke. Seen her? answered Sanc

but I was the first that hit upon it enchantment? She is as mucifather.

The ecclesiastic, when he bear tiffs, and enchantments, began must be Don Quixote de la Manc duke was commonly reading; an reproved him for so doing, tellir

* read such extravaganc

affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and making all people laugh that know you, or know you not. Where, with a mischief, have you ever found, that there have been, or are, knights-errant? Where are there any giants in Spain, or caitiffs in La Mancha, or Dulcineas enchanted, or all the rabble rout of follies that are told of you? Dom Chirote was very attentive to the words of this venerable man; and, finding that he now held his peace, without minding the respect due to the duke and duchesse, with an inseful minen, and disturbed countenance, he started up, and said — But his answer deserves a

CHAP. XV.

chapter by itself.

Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover, with other grave and pleasant events.

DON QUIXOTE, then, standing up, and trembling from head to foot, as if he had quicksilver in his joints, with precipitate and disturbed speech, said: The place where I am, and the presence of the personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I ever had, and have, for men of your profession, restrain and tie up the hands of my just indignation : and therefore, as well upon the account of what I have said, as being conscious of what every body knows, that the weapons of gownmen are the same as those of women—their tongues, I will enter with mine into combat with your reverence, from whom one rather ought to have expected good counsels, than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well meant reproof demands another kind of behaviour and language; at least the reproving me in public, and so rudely, has passed all the bounds of decent reprehension; for it is better to begin with mildness than asperity, and it is not right without knowledge of the fault, without more ado to call the offender madman and idiot. Tell me, I beseech your reverence, for which of the follies you have seen in me, do you condemn and revile me, bidding me get me home, and take care of my house, and of my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either?

the world, not seeking its deliwhereby good men aspire to the lf gentlemen, if persons of we were to take me for a madmar as an irreparable affront: but 1 pedants, who never entered up chivalry, I value it not a farthin a knight I will die, if it be hea pass through the spacious field ers through that of service an by the way of deceitful hypocris true religion: but I, by the infl the narrow path of knight-err whereof I despise wealth, but r dressed grievances, righted wr ces, vanquished giants, and trai I am in love, but only because so: and, being so, I am no vic Platonic one. My intentions virtuous ends, to do good to : Whether he, who means thus, the practice of all this, deser let your grandeurs judge, mo

duchess.

t is said again; Not with whom thou wert bred, th whom thou hast fed; and, He that leaneth a good tree, a good shelter findeth he. I have to a good master, that have kept him company sany months, and shall be such another as he. God's good pleasure; and if he lives and I live, shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands ern. That you shall not, friend Sancho, said te; for, in the name of Signor Don Quizote, I s you the government of one of mine, now vand of no inconsiderable value. Kneel, Sancho, in Quixote, and kiss his excellency's feet, for our he has done you. Sancho did so. Which :lesiastic seeing, he got up from table in a great ying: By the habit I wear, I could find in my to say, your excellency is as simple as these it what wonder if they are mad, since wise uthorize their follies? Your excellency may ith them, if you please; but, while they are in use, I will stay in my own, and save myself the of reproving what I cannot remedy. And, it saying a word, or eating a bit more, away he the entreaties of the duke and duchess not g to stop him; though indeed the duke said not through laughter, occasioned by his impertinent

laugh being over, he said to Don Quixote: Sir of the lions, you have answered so well for if, that there remains nothing to demand satisfor in this case: for though it has the appears a cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesias you better know. It is true, answered Don te, and the reason is, that whoever cannot be ed, neither can he give an affront to any body. a, children, and churchmen, as they cannot desembelves though they are offended, so they canafronted, because, as your excellency better, there is a difference between an injury and an : an affront comes from one, who can give it, ive it, and then maintains it: an injury may from any hand, without affronting. As for expended fall upon him, and best him: be chrostered.



and to his sword, as he ought to do:
per of his adversaries hinder him from
atention, which is to revenge himself: t
pured, but not affronted. Another exa
rm the same thing: a man stands with
ad: another comes and strikes him with
runs for it when he has done: the ma
and cannot overtake him: he who ree
s, received an injury, but no affront, b
nt must be maintained. If he who s
gh he did it basely and unawares, draws
wards, and stands firm, facing his enem
struck, is both injured and affronted
use he was struck treacherously, and
use he who struck him, maintained wh

labeliter at bearing Sancho talk; and, in her opinion, ahe took him to be more ridiculous and more mad than his master; and there were several others at that time of the same mind.

At last Don Quixote was calm, and dinner ended : and taking away the cloth, there entered four damsels; one with a silver ewer, another with a bason, of silver also, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth tacked up to her elbows, and in her white hands (for doubtless they were white) a wash-ball of Naples-soap. She with a bason drew near, and, with a genteel air and sourance, clapped it under Don Quixote's beard; who without speaking a word, and wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the castom of that country to wash heards instead of hands, and therefore stretched out his own as far as he could: and instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the wash-ball demsel hurried over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising great flakes of snow (for the lathering was not less white) not only over the beard, but over the whole face and eyes, of the obedient knight, incomuch that it made him shut them whether he would or no. The duke and duchess, who knew nothing of all this, were in expectation what this extraordinary lavation would end in. The barber-damest, having raised a lather a handful high, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fatch more, telling her, Signor Don Quixote would stay till she came back. She did so, and Don Quixote remained the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable. All that were present, being many, beheld him, and seeing him with a neck half an ell long, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes shut, and his beard all in a lather, it was a great wonder, and a sign of great discretion, that they forbore laughing. The dameels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady; who were divided between anger and laughter, not knowing what to do, whether to chastise the girle for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure they took in beholding Don Quixote in that pickle. At la e dames of the ower came, and they made an e washing Don Quixote, and then she, who car the towels, wiped and dried him with much deli



and all four at once, making a profound going off. But the duke, that Don Qui mell the jest, called the damsel with g: Come, and wash me too, and take water enough. The arch and diligs, and clapped the bason to the duke's c done to Don Quixote's, and very exied and lathered him well, and leaving dry, they made their courtesies, and it was afterwards known, that the n, that, had they not washed him as thoote, he would have punished them for which they had discreetly made ameing him in the same manner. Sanchout we to the ceremonies of this washing

cinea del Toobso; for according to what fame proclaimed of her beauty, she took it for granted, she must be the fairest creature in the world, and even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote sighed at hearing the duchess's request, and said: If I could pull out my heart, and lay it before your grandeur's eyes here upon the table in a dish, I might save my tongue the labour of telling what can hardly be conceived; for there your excellency would see her painted to the life. But why should I go about to delineate and describe, one by one, the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea, it being a burden fitter for other shoulders than mine, an enterprise worthy to employ the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the graving tools of Lysippus, to paint and carve in pictures, marbles, and bronzes; and Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to praise What is the meaning of Demosthenian, Signor Don Quixote? quoth the duchess: it is a word I never heard in all the days of my life. Demosthenian rhetoric, answered Don Quixote, is as much as to say, the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero: who were the two greatest orators and rhetoricians in the world. That is true, said the duke, and you betrayed your ignorance in asking such a question : but for all that signor Don Quixote would give us a great deal of pleasure in painting her to us; for though it be but a rough draught or sketch only, doubtless she will appear such as the most beautiful may envy. So she would most certainly, answered Don Quixote, had not 'he misfortune, which lately befei her, blotted her idea ut of my mind; such a misfortune, that I am in a condition rather to bewail than to describe her; for your grandeurs must know, that going a few days ago to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, commands, and licence, for this third sally, I found her quite another person than her I sought for. I found her enchanted and converted from a princess into a country wench. from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a sober lady to a jumping Jo-as;" and, in fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso lo

^{*} Allading to her jumping upon the ass.

who could it be, but would consequence, born into the world to obscur race, born into the world to obscur exploits of the good, and to bright tions of the wicked? Enchanters I cuted me; enchanters still persechanters will continue to persecut tumbled me and my lofty chivalrie abyss of oblivion; and they hurt a most sensible part; since to deprive his mistress, is to deprive him of the sun that enlightens htm, and thim. I have already often said it that a knight errant without a m

ow without a body that causes it.

There is no more to be said, que for all that, if we are to believe Don Quixote, lately published plause of all nations, we are to remember right, that your won

without leaves, a building withou

ons as being well bred; and finally, of high debecause beauty shines and displays itself with r degrees of perfection, when matched with noble than in subjects that are of mean extraction. quoth the duke; but Signor Don Quizote must ne leave to say what the history of his exploits me to speak; for from thence may be gathered, supposing it be allowed, that there is a Dulcinea boso, or out of it, and that she is beautiful in the it degree, as your worship describes her to us, respect of high descent, she is not upon a level he Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madasimas, and of that sort, of whom histories are full, as your

ip well knows.

this I can answer, replied Don Quixote, that nea is the daughter of her own works, that virtue les blood, and that a virtuous person, though is more to be valued than a vicious person of y. Besides, Dulcinea has endowments, which aise her to be a queen, with crown and sceptre; a merit of a beautiful virtuous woman extends to orking greater miracles, and though not formally,

rtually she has in herself greater advantages in I say, Signor Don Quixote, cried the duchess, on tread with great caution, and, as the saying h the plummet in hand; and, for my own part, forward I will believe, and make all my family e, and even my lord duke, if need be, that there ulcinea in Toboso, and that she is this day living eautiful, and especially well-born, and well-de-g that such a knight as Signor Don Quixote I be her servant; which is the highest commen-I can bestow upon her. But I cannot forbear aining one scruple, and bearing I know not what s to Sancho Panza. The scruple is :- the aforeistory relates, that the said Sancho Panza found id lady Dulcinea, when he carried her a letter rour worship, winnowing a sack of wheat; by the token it says it was red; which makes me doubt gamess of her birth.

which Don Quixote answered: Madam, your war must know, that most or all the things, beful me, exceed the ordinary bounds of what he was a superfield me, exceed the ordinary bounds of what he was a superfield. to other knights-errans, whether directed

peers of France, or vulnerable, excepting in the sole of his le that only by the point of a great pin, an weapon whatever: so that, when Bernar killed him in Roncesvalles, perceiving wound him with steel, he hoisted him fro between his arms, and squeezed him to lecting the manner in which Hercules that fierce giant, who was said to be a so I would infer from what I have said, t may have some one of those privileges: ing invulnerable, for experience has oft that I am made of tender flesh, and by penetrable; nor that of not being subjement; for I have already found myself cage, in which the whole world could ne able to have shut me up, had it not be enchantments: but, since I freed mysel I am inclined to believe no other can t therefore these enchanters, seeing they their wicked artifices upon my person, selves upon what I love best, and have away my life by evil entreating Dulcine



the metamorphosed and transformed: in her my enemies have revenged themselves on me, and for her I shall live in perpetual tears, till I see her restored

to ler former state. All this I have said, that no stress may be laid upon what Sancho told of Dulcinea's sifting and winnowing ; for since to me she was changed, no wonder if she was metamorphosed to him. Dulcinea is well born, of quality, and of the genteel families of Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very good; and no doubt the peerless Dulcinea has a large share in them, for whom her town will be famous and renowned in the ages to come, as Troy was for Helen, and Spain has been for Cava,* though upon better grounds, and a juster title. On the other hand, I would have your grandeurs understand, that Sancho Panza is one of the most ingenious squires that ever served knight-errant: he has indeed, at times, certain simplicities so acute, that it is no small pleasure to consider, whether he has in him most of the simple or acute: he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and negligence enough to confirm him a dunce: he doubts of every thing, and believes every thing; when I imagine he is falling headlong into stupidity, he outs with such smart sayings as raise him to the skies. In short, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were given me to boot; and therefore I am in doubt, whether I shall do well to send him to the government your grandeur has favoured him with: though I perceive in him such a fitness for the business of governing, that, with a little polishing of his understanding, he would be as much master of that art, as the king is of his customs. Besides, we know by sundry experiences, that there is no need of much ability, nor much learning to be a governor; for there are a hundred of them up and down that can scarcely read, and yet they govern as sharp as so many hawks. The main point is, that their in-

^{*}A nick-name of Count Julian's daughter, who, havling been ravished by King Rodrigo, occasioned the bringing in of the Moors into Spain. Her true name was Florinda; but as she was the occasion of Spain's eing betrayed to the Moors, the name is left of mong the women, and given to bitches.

hat would you do to this good man? W. it consider that he is a governor elect? To the roguish barber answered; Madam, this geathe rogurar parties answered, mashed, as is the n will not super nimself to be washed, as is the mand as our lord the duke and his master have mand as our lord the duke and his great wath; yes, I will, answered Sancho in great wath; would have cleaner towels and cleaner manufactured. would have cleaner towels, and clearer suds, and would have cleaner towers, and clearer suds, and such fifthy hands; for there is no such difference. such hithy hands; for there is no such differenced week me and my master; that he should be washed be meanly master; and I with the davil's law. The th angel-water, and I with the devil's ley.

stoms of countries, and of princes, palaces, p bod as they are not troublesome; but this c you as they are not troublesome; out this cooring here is worse than that of the white of the wh refreshings; and he, who offers to scour a hair of my head (1 mean of my beard)

erence be it spoken, I will give him suc I will set my fist fast in his skull; for and soapings as these look nore like laughing, to see the rage and hear t Sancho. But Don Quixote was no see him so accoutred with the nas rounded with such a parcel of kitchen-tribe: and so making a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if begging leave to speak, he said to the rabble with a solemn voice: Ho, gentlemen cavaliers, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return from whence you came, or to any other place you list; for my squire is as clean as another man, and these trays are as painful to him as a narrow-necked jug. Take my advice and let him alone; for neither he nor I understand jesting. Sancho caught the words out of his master's mouth, and proceeded, saying: No, no, let them go on with their jokes; for I will endure it as much as it is now night. Let them bring hither a comb, or what else they please, and let them curry this beard, and if they find any thing in it that offends against cleanliness, let them shear me cross-wise.

Here the duchess, still laughing, said : Sancho Panza is in the right in whatever he has said, and will be so in whatever he shall say : he is clean, and as he says, needs no washing; and, if he is not pleased with our custom, he is at his own disposal :* and besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been extremely remiss and careless, and I may say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage, and such a beard, your trays and dish-clouts, instead of ewers and basons of pure gold, and towels of Dutch diaper: but in short, you are a parcel of scoundrels and ill born, and cannot forbear shewing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-The roguish servants, and even the sewer who came with them, believed that the duchess spoke in earnest, and so they took Sancho's dish-clout off his neck, and with some confusion and shame slunk away and left him: who, finding himself rid of what he thought an imminent danger, went and kneeled before the duchess, and said: From great folks great favours are to be expected: that which your ladyship has done me to-day, cannot be repaid with less than the desire of seeing myself dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ all the days of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am; Sancho Panza is my name married I am; children I have; and I serve as a squire if with any one of these I can be serviceable to I

^{*} Literally, " His soul is in his hand."



you say. Well are such a maccase the pole-star of knight-errs bright leminary of squirely fid-Sancho; for I will make you as by prevailing with my lord duk possible, the promise he has m ment.

Thus ended the conversation to repose himself during the duchess desired Sancho, if he to sleep, to pass the afternoon sels in a very cool hall. Sthough indeed he was wont to a day, during the afternoon h wait upon her goodness, he we his might not to sleep at all to obedient to her commanda; The duke gave fresh orders abe as a knight-errant, without detayle in which we read the were treated.



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